Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

While objecting to the idea of mob law, the city newspapers are not slow to endorse the action of the students who tore down the fences around the Normal School on Hallowe'en. As I have often endorsed similar ebullitions of public sentiment, for instance in the case of the retribution meted out to the Chicago anarchists and the Mafians of New Orleans, I have no hesitancy in saying that the boys did perfectly right, and in every instance where public opinion is as well understood and public desire is as unreasoningly resisted the boys, or the men, or the women, or anybody else who form themselves into a crowd sufficiently numerous to prevent the act appearing to be the vandalism of an individual, have a perfectly good right to tear down fences. In fact, I should not be sorry to see them tear down a house now and then. This may be a very dangerous doctrine, but I am a believer in public opinion and its proper manifestations. It is always urged that injustice is certain to result from a public clamor and a turbulent execution of a popular verdict. Even if we admit that such is true, if these trials before public opinion are conducted on the basis of the jurors waiting until they are perfectly sure of what the people desire, we will have less frequent cases of injustice than when matters are carried from court to court and are finally settled in favor of the litigant with the longest purse. It is quite possible that a man while endeavoring to do right, while in fact being an apostle of a new era, a self-sacrificing and benevolent being, may render himself obnoxious to the mob and be persecuted, but it is folly to talk of this sort of thing being the result of what we call mob law. All the great persecutions, all the dreadful things that have been done to individuals have been carried on under the name, or at least with the sanction of the law of the country and the custom of the age. From the time that the populace demanded Barrabas and the rulers preferred him to Christ, to the present hour, that section of the human family claiming to possess the highest civilization has erred largely in the direction of being too conventional, too much disposed to submit to injustice rather than to set about doing what they considered right, proper or progressive, as the case may be, without saying by your leave to anybody.

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The fence around the Normal School has been an unsightly thing for lo! these many years. The Ontario Government imagines that it is doing Toronto a great favor to place its public buildings here. Its land has grown to be of immense value, not because it is occupied by the Normal School, or Upper Canada College, or the Government House, or the Parliament Buildings, but because it is in Toronto. The Government has paid no tax, and it has acted as if entertaining the idea that it owes no duty to this city. Mr. Mowat did not make Toronto the capital of Ontario, and he could not if he tried change the headquarters of legislative business. He has done nothing for this city that he could avoid doing. We owe him nothing. On the other hand he owes Toronto very much, not for political support it is true, but for having by its energy and the grand effort of a great people enhanced the value of the provincial land in its midst, until what appear to be great works are begun and almost finished out of the unearned increment of provincial properties. Neither he nor his ministers can afford to put on airs in this matter. When, for instance, a Normal School course is demanded of the undergraduates of the teaching profession of the province, young people come to Toronto, not because they have to, but because they desire to, and if this school were taken elsewhere Mr. Mowat would be quickly brought to book. Then what right has he or his ministers to enclose one of the most valuable blocks in Toronto with a hideous old fence! The boys did perfectly right in tearing it down, and they showed more spunk than the adults who have lived contiguous to and suffered by reason of, that eyesore for these many years. If the electors of this province went to work at tearing down the rotten bulwarks of the Hon. Oliver Mowat's government in the same fashion, public opinion everywhere would recognize, as they saw the decaying fragments scattered over the path of our progress, that the job had not been attended to half soon enough. The tearing down of the fence seems to me the augury of an electoral onslaught upon the Government itself, and when this onslaught is made it will not be a painted old fence with a rotten foundation that is torn up, but a piously painted government with an equally uncertain basis. We get used to the existence of things and become possessed of the idea that the conditions under which we exist are the only ones that are possible.

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I am glad to know that this year the Citizens' movement towards the nomination of a competent and business-like mayor is likely to be successful. After a great deal of persuasion Mr. E. B. Osler has consented to be a candidate if he is assured of a popular desire for his candidature and of the nomination and probable success of a certain amount of aldermanic backing. The committee nominated by the Meeting of Ratepayers feel quite sure of obtaining the services of a suitable number of men who have time and ability to spend in the city's cause. Mr. E. B. Osler's conditional consent to become a candidate was obtained with the greatest difficulty, as the affairs in which he is interested are of great magnitude and of importance, not only to himself but to those who have intrusted him with the management of their concerns. He no doubt realizes that he will be called upon to spend much of his time in the intricate and apparently almost hopeless task of straightening out our civic tangle. Yet it seems to me the dawn of a better day when instead of financial failures and unimportant people who have used the position to make a living, a man is willing to sacrifice many thousands of dollars at the urgent call of his fellow citizens, that Toronto may have the benefit of his knowledge of affairs and the influence that such a man carries when approaching important negotiations.

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When Mr. Abbott, now Premier of the Dominion, was mayor of Montreal and a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, many important railway deals were consummated to the great good of the city. The basis of all negotiations between the C. P. R. and Toronto has been settled. This is largely true also of our position with the Grand Trunk. What is needed is executive ability, to bring matters to a head. We can reasonably hope that Mr. Osler if elected mayor will finish up a vast deal of railway business which has been lying at loose ends and tripping up the aldermen in every direction. There is much to do in the consolidation of our debt and the getting of it into a business-like shape. When the people cry for retrenchment and reform they are met with the answer: "Nearly all of the taxes are to pay the fixed charges on the city debt." Then what we want is someone who can look after this city debt, find out its meaning and arrange for carrying it in a better shape. Our city property, the management of many million dollars' worth of public estate is in a be-fuddled condition. I am not of the opinion that a very large reduction can be effected in taxation without reconstructing the entire business. There are few men in Toronto capable of undertaking this task. Those who really possess the ability lack the experience, or what is worse still, are not possessed of the courage, the initiative boldness which must characterize operations begun on a large scale and far-reaching in their results. Mr. Osler may not prove successful, but he is more likely to be efficient than a man who has been a failure at his own business even though that business may have been small. I should be very glad to receive suggestions from my readers as to men who would make good aldermen to assist the worthy and experienced councillors who will no doubt be re-elected in the larger constituencies. This is everybody's business and it will be unkind and thoroughly disheartening if the work of those appointed by the Citizens' meeting be not upheld. I know of no one who has an axe to grind on the committee in question, and they are thoroughly determined not to act without the full and complete endorsation of the electors at large. Those who have any interest in this matter, either over their own name or anonymously should send to the newspapers suggestions as to men who should be nominated. For once let this mayoralty and aldermanic campaign be everybody's individual business and it will certainly result in individual as well as collective good.

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A new Nihilist association has been discovered in Russia. It is a lesson to those weak-kneed municipal and political reformers in such free countries as ours, that there still exist men and women who are willing to risk their life and liberty in what seems a vain and hopeless attempt to benefit their long-suffering fellows. Like being a Christian in those days when the arena was red with the blood of martyrs and faggots smoked about the charred remains of the converts who would not recant, it means something to be a political reformer in a country like Russia. Here, where we prove our Christianity by occasionally sitting in richly upholstered pews and show our zeal in governmental and municipal reforms by attending an indignation meeting once per annum, we are pained and sorry to observe that after all this effort on our part the world does not at once become better. In Russia, where a few meet together in the name of liberty, and in desperation which astounds the cold-blooded and the good of more favored lands, decide to risk the knout, the gibbet, worse still, the horrors of Siberia, we must know there is a strong impulse and a great cause, or after the discovery of plot after plot and the death or expatriation of thousands of the best hearts in that evil land the people without exception would sink into the dull apathy of despair. It is not so. When one leader dies another rises up, and life is so unbeautiful that death is not surrounded with many terrors. In spite of all the blood that has been shed, and the cries of anguish that have gone up to God for these many long ages the people suffer on, many of them unconscious of their degradation, unaware that their lot is as miserable as can be found on the face of the earth; and thus in servitude they are born, and live, and die, while the great procession of political martyrs goes to the gallows or limps with frozen feet across the steppes to Siberia. When we place ourselves in comparison with these poor wretches, then indeed we find occasion for giving thanks and setting apart a day in which we should enumerate the blessings we have and sympathize with the evils that come to others, but are no longer visited upon us.

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An effort is being made by the friends of the children who have been concerned in promoting the Fresh Air Fund in summer, to establish an Aid Society and Shelter where homeless youngsters and those suspected of criminal tendencies may be temporarily cared for. In connection with this, efforts have been made by the officers of the society to have separate cells in the police station where those of tender years who are under arrest may be placed, thus preventing the contamination resulting from being penned up with uproarious prostitutes, drunks, disorderlies and the riff-raff of creation that drifts into the charge of the police. Surely civic economy will not make futile these efforts to shield childhood from contamination.

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The revelations in the recent election trials with regard to the purchase of tickets from the Grand Trunk Railway, are sufficient to alarm thoughtful people. It is very well to claim that these tickets were purchased, but everyone who has had any transactions with the railroad companies knows that when pay is expected it is demanded much more promptly than seems to have been the case in the matter under consideration. Railroads do not do a credit business. The renowned Pacaud and that *coterie* of deservedly suspected politicians in Quebec, are not free from taint. Sir Charles Tupper appears to have been very slow in paying for what he got, and the late Sir John A. was not above accepting favors from railways. Indeed, while one can hardly blame the premier of the country for permitting his car to be drawn by whatever trains were necessary in making his journeys, it would have looked very much better had he paid his bill as any other citizen must have done. Our own D'Alton McCarthy, it gives one a thrill of pleasure to see, not only agreed to pay for what he got, but he did pay for it promptly. We all remember the circumstances. He was engaged in the street railway arbitration and in order to reach his constituents in time to speak, had to hire a special train. He did this and paid for it. Without throwing any aspersions on the memory of the dead Premier or turning up one's nose at the record of Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's method of doing business is in pleasant contrast to theirs.

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After deducting the special trains and special cars we find the Grand Trunk ticket business during the campaign to have been mostly managed by the organizer of the Reform party. It always seems worse when the Reform party is caught doing crooked tricks than when the Conservatives are discovered at something equally indefensible. Our Grit friends make so many pretensions that when we find them failing to live up to their self-erected standard, in fact when we find them living as far below it as their Tory friends are doing, we feel a hearty contempt for the lip-piety and surface honor so frequently discovered to be meaningless.

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In politics, as in business, we want a square, business-like deal. It seems to me very bad taste for Sir Charles Tupper to be fighting Sir Henry Tyler when he has left a big railway bill for his special car unpaid in the office. It does not seem to me right, it was not a business deal when Sir John accepted favors from the Grand Trunk while to a certain extent giving that road the worst of it. Worse still is the feature that continually obtrudes itself, that railroads by this haulage of voters from one end of the country to the other, by instructing if not coercing their employees, by the promise or refusal of favors, by the thousand and one methods they have of procuring support or being exceedingly unpleasant to those who refuse to be compliant, can so largely influence the result of a campaign. The part played by the Canadian Pacific in the last election has not yet been made public. I may be mistaken, but it appears to me doubtful if they can be proven to have worked their cards quite so clumsily as the Grand Trunk people have done. At any rate, these developments are necessary. After we learn what evils are possible, unless we take measures to avoid their repetition, if not their increase, we are equally to blame with the great corporations which seek to increase their influence by taking an unjustifiably great part in politics. If we desire to be governed by corporations, if we are willing to be the slaves of railways, if we are content to see our Parliament become a committee for the transaction of railway business, with public affairs as a side-show, we have only to go on cultivating the idea that partizanship is superior to patriotism and that purity of election matters little so long as our friends remain in power.

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The *Globe* has a very sensible article on the "Temptation of Mr. Angers." I confess that in my admiration of Mr. Angers and the desire to see so honest and capable a representative of French Canada in the Dominion Government, it did not strike me how improper it would be to immediately take him from the place he occupies to fill a Cabinet position at Ottawa. The *Globe's* article has convinced me that it would be improper. He has been sitting in judgment upon Mr. Mercier, and at once after this trial if he were to be promoted to a Cabinet position it would seem to make a bold and unblushing declaration that Lieutenant-governorships are but the clerkships of a party. It is extremely necessary for Mr. Abbott to find a trustworthy representative of French Canada at once, yet I am doubtful if even the emergency would justify the violation of good taste and judicial ethics consequent upon the removal of Mr. Angers from Spencerwood to Ottawa. When his term is out, when the heat of the partizan contest is over, when the ex-Lieutenant-governor can properly be approached, it would be a very great pity if his services were not secured by Mr. Abbott. In the meantime some other shift should be made, and I hope that the *Globe's* article so temperately written, in such exceedingly good taste, and suggestive I hope of a method of journalism that that paper intends to follow, be listened to and accepted. I have not the slightest particle of sympathy with the Liberal party in their present race for power, but I do like political decency, and it is a pleasure for me to again compliment the *Globe* newspaper on its effort to be superior to the other political organs, the din of whose incessant reproaches is sickening to the ear of even the most hide-bound bigot who reads its columns.

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From the National Club comes a prettily printed volume—Maple Leaves—being the papers read before the club during the winter of '90-'91 by Rev. Geo. Grant, on Our National Objects and Aims; by J. G. Bourinot, on Responsible Government in Canada; by Hon. Charles H. Tupper, on The Commercial Marine of Canada; and by Hon. Jas. Young, on Canadian Nationality. The volume is enriched with excellent portraits of the authors of the various papers, and that of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, who presided during the winter as president of the club. No better work can be found on the subjects treated. As one who heard and enjoyed some of the papers, I can recommend the book to all good Canadians.

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Last week I had occasion to criticize one of the fool methods of the present civic administration. No one who has any knowledge of the people of a large city would for a moment imagine that the police could obtain a proper enumeration of the population. The police business has been run to death in this town. A bureaucratic idea has led policeman to believe that they have a right to go into homes and arrange the furniture and generally make the disposal of the inmates as they see fit. The people themselves are opposed to police government and rightfully or wrongfully are ready to resist the principle of turning over to the police the general management of public affairs. I do not care whether the police census shows two thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand. Neither will be right. Plenty of householders will guy the police by answering in large numbers; others will evade them by minimizing the number of inmates on the night when the count was taken. Of all the silly fakes of an incompetent civic administration I think the police census is the worst.

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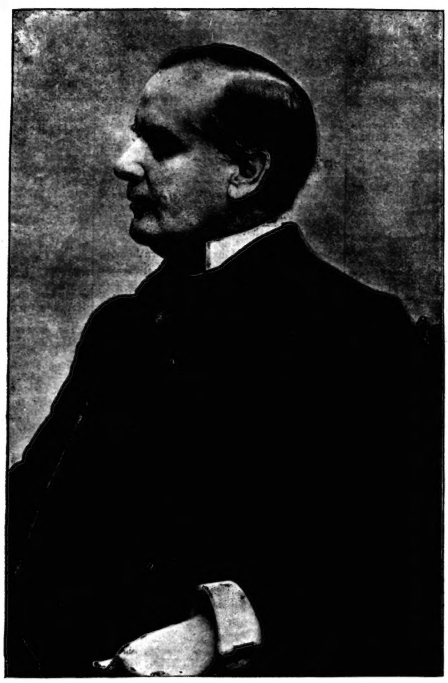
The Canadian editorials on the McKinley Bill in Ohio have been instructive lessons in how wise articles may be written about what we do not understand. What Canadian editors don't know about Ohio politics would make a very large, an extraordinary book. Years ago I worked on the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Toledo *Commercial*, went through a campaign in each district and learned that Ohio politics are unlike politics elsewhere, insomuch as the Ohio idea—the notion that the United States and the offices thereof were



A Probable President: Governor McKinley of Ohio.

made for Ohio men—is more dominant than any other principle. I did not venture an opinion, though a number of ex-Governor Campbell's most intelligent friends are my friends, and I was probably as well posted as some of the learned gentlemen who have been putting forward their opinions in Canadian newspapers. The verdict of Ohio on an off year has nothing to do with presidential affairs. Major McKinley is a popular man in the state; ex-Governor Campbell is probably the most honest man who has ever been given office by the Ohio people. In his anxiety to be honest he was foolish; yet though he risked his popularity his friends stuck to him, but his personal mistakes cost him his election. The election of Flower in New York is much more significant. The democratic victory in Massachusetts is still more significant, though state politics in the latter section have seldom anything to do with national issues. My own belief, however, is that the McKinley Bill is better understood now than it was a year ago. It was partially aimed at us and we have felt it, but it has brought population and business to the United States. Crossing the Atlantic a few months ago an irascible old Englishman was declaiming against the folly and iniquity of this United States measure. On being questioned it was found that it had injured his business to such an extent that he had to move half of his factory from England to Connecticut. Finally, he confessed that his Connecticut mills employed about five hundred hands and that fully three hundred of them had been sent out from England. From a Yankee point of view such results of the McKinley Bill are apt to be appreciated. One thing we can be sure of, protection is not dead in the United States; it is merely readjusting its forces.

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I notice with a great deal of pleasure the moderate tone adopted by the Rev. Dr. Parsons in his paper on Secret Societies read before his clerical brethren. Nearly two years ago I was told that he intended to be the apostle of this crusade against associations unaffiliated with the church, and was urged by some of his best friends to voice the opinion held by many that any such campaign as it was understood he proposed making would be objectionable. I did so, and when he made his bitter attack a few weeks ago I was encouraged by members of his church and of other churches to reply in a like spirit. I have reason to know that public and private criticism have had great effect in moderating the reverend Doctor's views, or at least in restraining the expression of them. With regard to what he said in his recently published paper or the tone in which he said it, I have very little to offer. On one point alone I wish to make a few remarks, and I shall endeavor to keep myself within that Christian spirit which controlled the recent utterances of the reverend critic of secret and benevolent societies.

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Dr. Parsons says the church is prepared to undertake the benevolent work now done by these societies. I am prepared to say that the church is unprepared for anything of the sort. What is a church? Personally I am of the opinion that there is but one church, that it has neither branches nor is capable of being a separate tree. The church if managed on apostolic principles would doubtless have everything in common, so that if one possessed much all his brethren would share in it with him. This idea of a church is communistic and is perhaps impossible. If some of our rich men were asked to divide, like the young man who came to Christ and was told that if he would take up his cross and follow Him he should give all that he had to the poor, they would go away sorrowful: that is to say, they would go away sorry that their financial affairs wouldn't permit them to be Christians. If this system be not adopted, how then, the whole apostolic basis having been abandoned, is a benevolent work to be carried on? The rich are prepared to give a certain amount; the poor are able to give but little or not at all, or are in such a condition that they must receive. The church may be in the humor to help the sufferers or it may not. Supposing that a member of the church or an attendant of the church has been somewhat irregular in his habits, and dies, what will be said in the business meeting? Nothing except that the man was responsible for his want and that his family must suffer for his improvidence. In a benevolent society where he has paid his dues there will be no discussion of his habits, of his improvidence, of anything of that sort; nothing will be raised except the point: Has he paid his dues? If he has done so the thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand dollars to his widow must be paid as a matter of law. It is like life insurance. Is the Rev. Dr. Parsons willing to state that the church is in a position to undertake life insurance, sick benefits, burial fees? Certainly not. The church already has all that it can attend to. These are temporal matters, and there will have to be a thousand-fold increase in the piety of church attendants and church members before they will voluntarily subscribe what secret and benevolent societies now legally exact.

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If the church or the churches—if there can be churches—is a community united together for self-protection on a basis of self-interest, then life insurance, mutual or on the endowment plan, becomes a proper feature. If the church, on the other hand, is an organization representing God's kingdom on earth, filling the gaps that human wisdom and foresight fail to fill, doing the work that business organizations fail to do and preventing as far as in it lies the misery and suffering resulting from carelessness, viciousness, thoughtlessness, it has a wide scope and can do much that organized benevolence cannot hope to accomplish. The great question to be presented to those who are inquiring into this matter is this: Does it attend to the lapsed members of such associations? Does it care for those poor people who have been unwise enough to stay out of benevolent organizations? Is its protective and benevolent arm thrown about those who cannot be drawn into folds where their temporal welfare will be looked after? If it does not do these things, to clamor for a complete charge of benevolent affairs is not only ridiculous but it is criminal. While we, speaking from a church standpoint, do not care for those who neglect the business-like methods of caring for themselves such as are inculcated by secret and benevolent societies, how can we hope to undertake that vast and responsible task of looking after the millions who provide a certain poor little future for their offspring by paying dues into a benevolent society which has secret and social features, not because of their intrinsic value, but in order to protect itself against fraud while at the same time making itself protective to the average man.

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In short, is the church willing to become an insurance society, either on the old line plan or the mutual system? In shorter, is it willing to revert to the communism of the apostolic period? Secret and benevolent societies are but an attempt to realize in everyday life the socialism of Christ's teaching. I, for one, am of the opinion that self-interest may organize itself and make the temporal future of each member of the organization reasonably safe, but I am not disposed to believe that any spiritual organization, anything which has not human law as its basis can be relied upon to provide sustenance for the widow and the orphan. Temporal affairs must be temporally managed and be controlled by temporal laws. Spiritual affairs, as we recognize them here, are in a very indefinite predicament. We are not a unit as to whether some of us were born to be saved and some of us to be damned. Calvinism is not universally recognized. Nobody seems to be sufficiently impressed with the brevity of time and the vastness of eternity to give up that that they have Here in order to insure them undisturbed possession of that that they would have There. To get down to the fine point, my dear Brother Parsons, is it not a fact that temporal matters engage the attention of men and women on this little whirling ball to such an extent that the home in heaven has but little influence upon our conduct? There is a certain section, and a very wise section of the community, that believes that proper conduct Here is remunerative, safe, and gives us a certain title to whatever good there is on the Other Side. Yet these same wise and provident persons are universally unwilling to give up a mortgage on real estate Here in order to obtain conditional security as regards their mortgage on a seat and a harp There. This being true, unless you and your brethren can reorganize spiritual affairs up to the point where they will control temporal affairs, the people of this generation are wise in making a separate provision for their sickness, burial, and for the future maintenance of their families.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Cawthra was at home to a host of friends on Friday of last week. The spacious apartments of Yeadon Hall were crowded with Toronto's four hundred, and a most delightful evening was spent. The Mercedes sisters and Mr. Barrington Foote played and sang to the guests, and very pretty selections of music were rendered by an orchestra at intervals during the reception. Supper was served downstairs at twelve o'clock, and the morning hours were advanced before the last of the guests took their leave. Some very pretty gowns were worn, but their prettiness could scarcely be justly appreciated in the sea of silks and *chiffons* which surged about the wide halls and cosy corner nooks. Mrs. Nordheimer looked especially charming in a buttercup gown of artistic contour, with large white chrysanthemums and maiden hair ferns. Mrs. Cosby wore gray—in fact, gray was a favorite color and proved extremely becoming. Mrs. Harry Brock was in white satin, her beautiful *robe de noce*; Mrs. Drayton wore a richly ornamented pink gown; Mrs. O'Reilly a most becoming rose color, with a *berthe* of strung pearls; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt was in white, with some lovely diamonds; Mrs. Charles Lindsay wore a rich mauve bengaline and lace; Mrs. Janes a handsome black gown; Mrs. Alfred Cameron's severely plain white gown, with a tiny row of passementerie round the low bodice and sleeves, was one of the most successful effects; Mrs. Cawthra wore a delicate French brocaded satin; Mrs. Blackstock a handsome white gown. Among several very sweet-looking "buds" I noticed Miss O'Reilly, of Hamilton. One of the prettiest gowns possible was a dainty little affair of white embroidered *chiffon*. Nothing more suitable could be devised for a *debutante*, and I heard many admiring comments on it and its wearer.

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Miss Marjorie Campbell received on Wednesday last and a large number of people called at Government House. The guests seemed to thoroughly enjoy their hour in the gubernatorial drawing-rooms, and the sound of voices chattering on every conceivable subject made a pleasant Babel. Among the callers I noticed Major and Mrs. Delamere, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass, Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. H. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. A. Cameron, Mrs. Henry Duggan, the Misses MacDonald, Miss Cawthra, Miss Seymour, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Burns and Miss Kirtland, Mrs. Osgoodsby, Miss Peachel and Mrs. Pyke. Miss Marjorie Campbell wore a white gown. Among the pretty dresses was a light fawn cloth demi-train, edged with fur. A modish little scarlet cape was noticeable, also a very pretty fawn velvet hat and a fawn and silver gray *broche* costume with steel passementerie.

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Miss Strange is away from the city for a short time.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrison have returned to their residence on Harrison street.

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Miss Strachan of Trinity College has gone to New York on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Foulkes.

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The numerous society people interested in the production of Ben Hur at the Grand Opera House next week, have every promise of a gratifying success as the result of their arduous labors in the preparation of this beautiful dramatization of a famous book. Toronto people, especially those of the gentler sex, have shown for many seasons that they can and will work mightily for the good of the charities which are the pride of our city. Many a gentle dame lies down with aching bones after such hard work for the sick and the helpless who are her self-imposed care.

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Mrs. Henry Hutchison has returned from a six weeks' visit to New York.

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The Bishop of Toronto has suffered the loss of his mother, who died in London, Eng., last week at a ripe old age.

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At a Hallowe'en party in the east end this night last week, the presence of five engaged couples was an unprecedented coincidence; in fact, two of the engagements were only announced during the evening.

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A very stylish audience greeted Madame Sara Bernhardt on her appearance last week at the Academy. In the boxes I noticed Mr. Hendrie and party from Hamilton, Mrs. Blackstock and party, Mr. and Mrs. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, and in the chairs and galleries a host of pretty gowns and faces. Madame Bernhardt's gowns were gorgeous but hardly interesting, being some centuries out of the present fashion. To those who cap at the present style of headgear I should recommend a study of the antique in millinery as represented by Madame Bernhardt's hat in the first act of La Tosca, and if the present age can show anything approaching the chicken which adorned it, La Mode and I will hang our heads.

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We have stolen several brides from Hamilton, and I am told the Ambitious City will retaliate by leaving Toronto minus a popular young lady resident of Jarvis street some time next spring.

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Mrs. Dickson gave the junior boys a tea yesterday afternoon at Upper Canada College. All the guests, among whom were some who were neither boys nor juniors, much appreciated Mrs. Dickson's kind hospitality, which was dispensed in her own charming manner.

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The nurses of the graduating class of '91 received their honors yesterday afternoon at half-past three, at the General Hospital. A number of friends were invited by Miss Snively and the authorities to witness this most interesting sight, and the very hearty good wishes of all go with the plucky and noble girls who have chosen the gracious profession of nursing as their life work. The twenty graduates are as follows: The Misses Agnes Kay, Lilla Batty, Martha Reynolds, Alice Lawson, Alice J. Scott, Belle Gregory, Lilla Sheppard, Rachel Hanna, Kate Johnston, Emily Chilman, Eliza Price, Margaret Johnston, Margaret Wardlaw, Bessie Dewar, Emma Armstrong, Mary Cassels, Helen Sparks, Lisabel Isaacs, A. V. Attwood and Clara Green.

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Mr. Joseph Clarke, whose clever contributions to these columns under the *nom de plume* of Zeke are known to our readers, was married at Pickering on Wednesday afternoon to Miss Sadie Greig of that town.

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Mr. J. Castell Hopkins leaves town in a few days for a couple of weeks' trip to New York and Washington.

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Mrs. Austin Ellis of Dundas street had a few friends to afternoon tea on October 29, to meet her sister, Miss Palmer, who has just returned from the States. Among the guests were Mrs. Robin, Mrs. and Miss Milligan, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. and Miss Donaldson, Mrs. Crossley Donaldson and Mrs. Weldon. Miss Palmer will remain the winter in Toronto.

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Mrs. Donaldson of Erin Lodge, Dundas street, had a very enjoyable little impromptu gathering on Hallowe'en, to enable some of her young friends to meet her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Crossley Donaldson, before her return home. Among those present were Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, the Misses Morgan, Macdonell, Gibson, Pechell and Featherstonhaugh, and Messrs. Gerald Donaldson, G. Morgan, Church, G. Denison and Macdonell. Mrs. Crossley Donaldson left on Sunday for New York to join her husband.

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St. Matthias was filled last Sunday to the doors to welcome the Rev. A. Plumer on his return from the Old Country. Rev. F. Norgate of the same parish sailed on Saturday for England.

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The West End Whist Club had their first meeting for this season on Monday night at the house of Dr. Austin Ellis. Eight members were present and spent a very pleasant evening. It has been decided to admit ladies into the club, one evening in the month being set apart as ladies' night.

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Hunting parties are the order of the day. The Messrs. Featherstonhaugh left on October 30 for Penetanguishene, where they will join some friends and proceed on a two weeks' excursion in the Georgian Bay district. Mr. A. Denison, with Mr. F. Thompson and one or two more, left on Saturday for Muskoka.

*

The children of the Protestant Orphans' Home, Dovercourt road, held their closing exercises in the old schoolroom on Monday last, the new schoolhouse, a handsome building, being ready for occupation. The children entertained the visitors with recitations, songs, club exercise and flag drill.

*

Miss Paterson gave a charming lecture in the schoolhouse of St. Matthias' church on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary Society, the subject being The South Sea Islands and their Inhabitants.

*

The most fashionable event that has taken place in Kingston this autumn was the marriage of Mr. F. J. Leigh to Miss Maud Wilson, on Wednesday, October 28. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. K. McMorine in St. James' church at twelve o'clock. The bride appeared gowned in trailing white Irish poplin, veil and orange blossoms, and looked very beautiful as she walked up the aisle leaning on her father's arm. She wore a magnificent diamond pendant, the gift of the groom, and carried an exquisite bouquet of white roses and maiden hair ferns. Miss Britton was the maid of honor and wore white *crepe de chine* and pink roses, and with her pretty, piquant face lent additional grace to the scene. Mr. H. Hewat of Montreal was best man. Among some of the dresses were noticed that of Mrs. Wilson, mother of the bride, black brocade silk; Mrs. James Gildersleeve looked very handsome in heliotrope and black, bonnet to match; Mrs. H. Munro Grier, tailor-made navy blue cloth, velvet Gainsborough hat; Mrs. J. Hooper Birkett, amethyst poplin, pansy bonnet; Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, gray dress, gray and gold bonnet; the Misses Allen, fawn suits; Mrs. T. Y. Greet, terra cotta brocade. After the ceremony the guests drove to Bellevue, the residence of Mr. Jas. Wilson, where a sumptuous *dejeuner* was partaken of. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh left by the afternoon train for Montreal *en route* to New York, Washington and Boston. The presents were chaste and valuable.

*

Mr. J. Samuel, of Liverpool, arrived per steamer Etruria, via New York, and is at present the guest of his brother, Mr. E. Samuel.

*

The first open meeting of the literary society of the School of Pedagogy was held Friday evening of last week in the theater of the Normal School. The audience was a highly appreciative one. A debate was held on the subject: Resolved, that the study of classics is of more practical use than the study of moderns to the average student. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Sidey, B. A., Begg, B. A., and Cushing, and the negative by Messrs. Walker, B. A., J. H. Cornyn and C. P. Bishop. Miss Marguerite Dunn held the audience spellbound by her recitation of the Gypsy Flower Girl and received well merited applause. The piano solos by Mr. V. P. Hunt and the vocal solo by Mr. W. Knox were also well received.

*

Miss Leslie of Wilcox street has gone to Bermuda for the winter.

*

Miss Florence Beatty of Lambton Mills and Miss Maud Ramsay of Orillia have been visiting Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, 253 Wellington street.

*

The annual At Home of Chesterfield Lodge takes place at Harry Webb's on Friday next, and, judging by the invitation card, a most pleasant evening may be anticipated by those present. Good music will be in attendance. A new departure, and a most interesting one, will be the presence of Edison's latest phonograph, which will doubtless prove a source of much delight to the guests.

*

The Misses Hugel have returned to their Toronto residence at 210 John street.

*

Miss Grace Trotter's wedding was a very quiet affair, in fact, a surprise to most of her friends, whose first knowledge of the affair was the notice in the daily papers. Miss Trotter became Mrs. Holdenby on Saturday, October 31, and the bridal tour comprises a visit to Washington and New York. The marriage was celebrated in Westminster church, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Mr. Neil. Miss Trotter was one of the moving spirits in the French Club last winter, and, fortunately, her marriage will not cause her departure from Toronto, as she will make her home in this city. Good wishes, which were ready for their acceptance, follow Mr. and Mrs. Holdenby from their many warm friends here.

*

The approaching marriage is announced of Miss Littlejohn and Mr. P. D. Ross of Ottawa.

*

The phonograph *soiree*, the latest fashionable novelty of New York and London drawing-rooms, seems likely this winter to extend its popularity to Toronto, now that Edison's wonderful instrument has come to stay amongst us. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The host or hostess secures a phonograph with a skilled operator and a collection of "records," musical and other. These afford in themselves a delightful concert. In addition, the guests sing or recite or converse in the hearing of the instrument, which immediately reproduces every audible sound, even to the applause. The effect is quite startling and, of course, highly amusing. The first of these phonograph parties I have heard of in this city was at the residence of Mr. Walter R. Strickland, 92 Peter street, on Friday evening of last week. After the instrument had discoursed a variety of choice musical selections from New York and Boston, songs by some of the gentlemen present were recorded to the piano accompaniment of Miss Strickland. A similar party was given by Mrs. John Boulton at her residence, 15 Grange road, on Tuesday evening. Two or three songs by Mr. Herman Boulton were very successfully taken and reproduced, his voice being well adapted to the phonograph and being easily recognized by his friends. On Monday evening Dr. and Mrs. Aikins gave a phonograph At Home to the Toronto University medical students, at their handsome residence on Jarvis street, about fifty ladies and gentlemen being present. Miss Massey charmed the company with her 'cello playing, and Miss Wright sang both to the company and the phonograph. The college boys also recorded Old Grimes, Clementine,

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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CUNARD LINE
Passengers leaving New York per
SS. ENERIA, DECEMBER 12
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TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
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THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

For In and Outdoor Wear.

THE young lady who expects to have many invitations to the theater this winter should provide herself with one or two of the charming garments known as opera waists. These may take the form of Spanish jackets of scarlet velvet or silk, richly ornamented with jet, and worn over a corselet of the same handsome trimming, or they may be edged with soft fur, and worn over any plain low waist, or they may be elaborate confections of shirring and jeweled straps and lace garniture, such as I caught a glimpse of on a *petite brunnette* at Bernhardt's performance last week.

•

A very handsome, in fact, queenly looking opera cloak which I inspected yesterday, was of heavy gold brocade on white satin. It came down plain nearly to the knees and the shoulders were shaped by a puffed fulness, which ran down and joined the side seam in the back. The lining was of gold-colored silk, and the gorgeous material was unadorned by any trimmings save only a soft frill of crimped cream Llama fringe, which ran round the high collar and down the front. Cosy down-lined pockets to slip the fingers into and hold the fronts together were set in the lining, and madame will attract many an admiring glance when she appears in this royal garment.

•

One of our clever milliners made me laugh over his newest creation, a small, flat, crimp-bordered hat in a charming mixture of fawn and blue. "Do you know, I saw a lit le squash when I was out in the country the other day," he said, "just the exact shape of that, and I brought it home and got my milliner to make it into a hat. Isn't it pretty, now?" It is, and I wonder whether the lady who buys and wears it will ever suspect the inspiration from which was evolved her stylish *chapeau*.

•

Black and red is an extremely fashionable mixture for dress goods now, but it must be intermingled, in the *broche* effects. Little far collars and cuffs are worn on house dresses. For instance, a dainty biscuit cloth has small cuffs and collar of seal fur, a cadet blue has like finish of silver gray, and a pure white cloth has the most modish trimming of all—a deep soft black.

•

Sealskin, sable, mink and Astrachan are the fashionable furs this season. Sealskin retains the preference for large garments, though many are also made of mink, of Astrachan, and of black Persian lamb. For small articles brown furs of long fleece, such as sable and mink, are in especial favor, as they harmonize with the stylish brown stuffs of winter dresses, which are often trimmed with these furs. Curled gray krimmer and the fine Africa chinchilla are the gray furs most used.

•

New sealskin jackets are mostly of three-quarter length, reaching nearly to the knee. Among the smartest looking is the basque jacket, fitted as smoothly and closely as a basque. It is single-breasted, with a long revers collar, and also a high standing collar. Large pocket flaps are set on the hips. The sleeves are ample at the top, and tapered below. This basque comes entirely of sealskin—which is perhaps the best purchase—and also with the revers collar of a contrasting fur, such as mink, sable, sea-otter, or black marten, finished off at the end below the waist with pendent tails. The costly dark sable-tail or mink-tail trimmings are also used for the whole revers. A vest of the added fur is sometimes seen in these basques. The linings are of rich brocade, in colors harmonizing with the fur. Other very stylish jackets have their coat skirts confined to the back and sides, while the fronts are short as an Eton jacket, and are turned back in peaked lapels to disclose a pointed vest of some flat fur—Astrachan, Persian lamb, or mink. The sealskin sleeves are medium high and without cuffs. Sealskin coats are double-breasted, with loose front and fitted back, and are of the fashionable three quarter length. The favorite shape has a deep turned-over collar of a contrasting fur, and is arranged to roll back down the front and show facings of the added fur. The fashionable furs for this collar and facing are mink, sea-otter, natural undyed seal (of light tan shade), black Persian lamb, the longer Astrachan, and all the beautiful brown sables, those from Hudson Bay, the darker Russian sables, and, more costly still, the imperial crown sable, which has until recently been monopolized by the family of the Czar.

•

There are also single-breasted coats with loose fronts that fasten straight, while others lap diagonally from the left shoulder. These have the Henri Deux collar cut high at the back, with turned-over square corners in front, and bishop sleeves full at the top and drooping on deep close cuffs. To take the place of old-fashioned seal sacques are comfortable coats, more closely fitted to the figure, and from thirty-two to forty-four inches long. They are slashed up the back, and have a show collar and deep Russian cuffs. Curled black Persian lamb fur is less costly than sealskin, and will be much used this winter, not only by ladies wearing mourning, but by those dressing in colors. It is made up in all the jackets and coats just described in sealskin, and the same is true of the looser waved black Astrachan; also of the light gray krimmer fur. For coaching, sleighing, and skating there are many odd and fanciful jackets made of spotted leopard skins, of mink, of natural tan-colored sealskin, and of the velvet-like beaverskins.

•

Fur capes that reach almost to the knee rival fur coats and jackets at the one wrap necessary for the coldest weather, and are preferred by many because they are so easily put on and off. The Henri Deux cape with medium high shoulders, belted back, and straight fronts, takes its name from its very high collar rolled over in front in square corners. This is very fashionable in three-quarter length when made entirely of mink or entirely of sealskin, and also of sealskin bordered with other fur, and with a collar of the contrasting fur—such as mink, silver-fox, Hudson Bay or Russian sable, or the darker sable tails—or else with a black fur, as black marten, Persian lamb, or Astrachan. Women of wealth have this luxurious wrap made throughout of sable, while those who like light-colored furs choose a cape of gray krimmer. Black capes are of Persian lamb as glossy as moire antique silks, while inexpensive capes admirable for warmth are of the longer Astrachan. Shoulder capes of fur are lengthened to the waist line in the back and pointed in front, and have the Henri Deux collar, or one more deeply rolled over. These garments are too useful to be given up, and are liked because they do not conceal a slender tapering waist. They are lined with rich brocade, and are worn with a large muff of fur to match. They are of course preferred in dark brown sable skins, but are fashionably worn in mink, sealskin, Persian lamb, Astrachan, krimmer, stone marten tails, fisher tails, silver fox, and in fox *argente*—a tipped fur much used abroad. The lapped double-breasted cape of last year is still worn in sealskin with sable or minx collar. White shoulder capes for evening are of ermine, fox, or Iceland lamb, with an Henri Deux collar and light brocaded lining, and are sometimes embroidered with gold. A fashionable garment combining a coat and cape also has two furs, as a closely fitted coat of sealskin with close sleeves, over which are mounted cape-like sides of another fur—mink, Astrachan, or Persian. The Henri Deux collar, high and warm about the neck and turned over at the throat, is lined with the added fur.

LA MODE.

When I Go Home.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black mountain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache,
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces old and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away,
And it seems the hand of angels,
On a mystic harp, at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sighing, the night wind murmurs
To the plash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

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Our lines in the vicinity of the cotton counters are looking pretty, bedecked with samples of fancy table drapes of various kinds. A lot in fancy colored felts, embroidered with exquisite taste, and more than beautiful.

Embroidered Fancy Felt Drapes, 75c, 85c, $1.
Embroidered Table Covers, 6 4 7 4, 8 4, $1.50.
Tapestry Table Covers, 8-4, 8 10, 9-12, $2 50.

The shelves contain a varied assortment of turkey red table covers, where the combination of colors is creditable to good taste—red and gold, gold and blue, red and green. Sizes and prices run like this: 5-4, 85c; 7 4, $1 25; 8 4, $1 60; 8 10, $1; 9-12, $2 50.

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Fans and Perfumes New Veilings

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Pattern Bonnets Hats and Toques

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Parisian Novelties IN Veilings, Trimmings ETC.

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Latest Styles for Balls, Soirees, Weddings, Theater, Concerts, Photos, etc.

Are kindly requested to make their appointments a few days in advance so as to avoid disappointment.

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Hair goods ready-made or made to order in all styles.
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They are the Best

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FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING

MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the fall and winter styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XII.

A WOMAN AND A BRACELET.

It had seemed to me during those long, weary days when I lay hidden in Clanavon Castle, that the quick throbbing of life and energy had died out for ever from my pulse, and that I should never feel its beat again. But now a change had come over me. The faint glimmerings of hope which had shone in upon my dulled senses and brain had filled my whole being with the glow and energy of reawakened life. I dared not feed it with the fuel of anticipation, or the reaction of failure would most surely have killed me. I simply let my brain work, and obeyed its directions as well as I was able.

On the night of my arrival in Paris I stayed at a quiet middle class hotel in the Rue de St. Pierre, and kept myself out of sight as much as possible. Early on the morrow I made my way to the Boulevards, and presented myself at the establishment of Messrs. Rougut, the great jewelers.

My request to see one of the principals was presently complied with, and I found myself in a small glass office in one corner of the shop. Opposite to me was a young, smartly dressed Parisian, who rose from a small marble table covered with diamonds, which he had been examining, and removing a cigarette from between his white teeth, asked me my business.

I told him that I wished to order a bracelet exactly similar to one which had been made at his establishment some long time ago. He bowed politely, and intimated his perfect willingness to accept the order.

"We always keep the designs," he remarked, "of every article of jewelry manufactured upon the premises. If you can give me the name and the date when the bracelet was purchased, I can turn up the design and show you—that is," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "provided we are under no obligation to furnish no more of the same pattern."

I brought out my pocket-book and consulted it.

"It is a very long time ago," I remarked, hesitatingly.

"That is of no consequence!"

"On the 20th of May, 18—," I said, "you sent to Lord Clanavon at the Leon d'Or Hotel, St. Marien, two bracelets. I don't know when he ordered them, but I know that that was about the date of their arrival."

He touched a small hand gong on the table before him, and turned towards me with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Just about the time of my appearance in the world," he remarked, "so it goes without saying that I do not remember the order. Afraidas," he continued, turning round to the man who had answered the bell, "send Monsieur Ducate here."

The man bowed and withdrew. Directly afterwards a tall, gray-haired old gentleman, with gold-rimmed eye-glasses, knocked at the door and entered.

"Ducate, I want the design ledger for 18—, Mons. Rougut said. "This gentleman wishes to order a bracelet similar to one supplied to—to what name, monsieur?"

"To Lord Clanavon.

"Ah, yes: to Lord Clanavon, some time during May of that year. Can you find the design?"

"Certainly, monsieur. In one moment."

He disappeared, and presently brought in a large brass-bound ledger, the stiff white pages of which were covered with various designs for jewelry, evidently traced and pasted in. The entry was found directly, and we all three stood up and looked at it.

"I remember it perfectly," Monsieur Ducate said, resting his long, slim forefinger upon the page. "The bracelets, as you see, are perfectly plain, and the clasp fastening is peculiar. It is a patent of our own, which I have often wondered did not take better. We have made scarcely another in the same way."

"May I ask," I said, "whether you have ever before had an inquiry for a similar bracelet?"

Monsieur Ducate tapped his forehead reflectively.

"I think—yes," he said. "If monsieur will pardon me one moment."

He left the office, and returned with a small diary in his hand.

"About a year ago," he said, "a lady, whose name we do not appear to have an entry of, called with a similar request to that which you are now making. We were quite willing to accept the commission, but we happened to be exceedingly busy at the time, and we could not promise that the bracelet should be ready by the time she stipulated. We had one in stock, however, exactly like it, save in one respect, the fastening, and after a good deal of indecision she bought that one and took it away with her."

"Was this it?" I asked, producing the one which Lady Alceston had given me.

Monsieur Ducate took it and looked at it carefully.

"Certainly not, monsieur," he remarked, handing it back to me. "That is, without doubt, the identical bracelet which we made for Lord Clanavon."

"And can you point out to me," I said, "where this one differs from the bracelet which the lady you mentioned purchased?"

Monsieur Ducate laid the pointed edge of his white finger nail in a certain spot of the bracelet.

"In appearance, monsieur," he said, "only that here there would be a small knob on the one of later make. This one, as you see, is quite plain."

My heart beat fast, and I said nothing for a minute. Exactly in the spot which he had indicated was the knob in that bracelet which I had seen in my dream, and which those cold fingers had persistently striven to hide. Was it possible that this could be a mere coincidence? And if not, what was it? We have read of such things, all of us, but to expect, since them ourselves, to cross over the dark gulf of the material things of earth and the unknown powers of another world, is a thrilling thing. The philosopher and deep thinkers of every age have sought to do it, and as a reward the stigmas of madness, superstition, irrationality have been hurled after them into their graves and dimmed their glorious fame. No matter what science, or medicine, or chemistry owed to their profounded researches, all was forgotten in the fact that they had dared to look outside the material world; had striven to bridge over the vast gulf between things real and the supernatural. It has been accounted the one unpardonable sin by men of all ages, so gross has been the ignorance, so strong the scoffing at the materialistic sense of mankind; and to me this thing had come! To me stood revealed the unquestionable vision of powers working towards the elucidation of truth which could owe their origin to no person or force of this world's creation. It impressed me then but lightly, but afterwards, when I was alone, it obscured everything else in my thoughts, and filled me with a great agitated hope, tempered in some degree by awe. Surely there was design in this thing which had been shown to me. It had been revealed to me that I might act, and though there was no ray of light to show me whither my work was tending, I would persevere.

I was recalled from the silent following out of these thoughts by a slightly impatient cough from Mons. Rougut. I apologized for my abstraction, and then as Mons. Ducate was turning to go I asked him a question.

"I suppose, sir," I said, "you could not give me any description of this lady? You don't remember anything about her appearance?"

He shook his head. "Very little, sir, I fear. She was dressed in black, I remember, and wore a rather thick veil. Her figure was good, and her hair fair. The general impression she left upon me was that she was a good-looking woman. By the by," he added, "she left something by which you would be able to recognize her."

"Yes!"

"In her first inquiry for the brace'et she sa'd that she was the lady to whom Lord Clanavon had presented the one she desired cop'ed."

"And did she say what had become of it?"

"She had lost it, or mislaid it in some way—I forget her exact explanation."

I thanked him, and he withdrew, carrying off the ledger with him. I could see that Monsieur Rougut was getting impatient.

"Well, have you found out what you want to know?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Not quite, but I have discovered as much as I expected to."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Your order for the bracelet was only an excuse, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Scarcely that," I replied. "I didn't expect to take up your time for nothing."

"Oh, it is nothing. You're quite welcome to the information we've been able to give you. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," I said. Then I came away.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD ALCESTON IS TEMPTED.

Now, at last, the time has come! I have thrown my honor after my fortune and my name, and have lost all. Was it madness that came over me, I wonder? Ay, the madness of love! We were alone, and it seemed to me that she tempted the words out of my lips. Shall I ever forget the glowing beauty of her face, as she leaned over towards me on the balcony, her eyes full of the soft witchery of sweet involuntary invitation, and her lips trembling with the eagerness which she could not hide. I wonder if anyone in my place could have looked thus into the face of the woman he loved and not have told her so. I think not. It seems to me impossible.

What does she think of me I wonder? I have held her in my arms, my lips have sought hers and forced the kisses from them. I have told her passionately, fiercely, that I loved her, and then suddenly, without a word of warning, I thrust her from me and fled like a madman by to the darkness. I heard her faint, reproachful cry as I hurried over the lawn, but I dared not turn back. One look and I should have been her slave again.

I am at war with Fortune indeed, and who shall say that she has used me fairly? Never since the days of my boyhood have I once seen anything in a woman's eyes to make my heart beat faster; never once have found my thoughts filled for a single moment with the memory of a woman's face. And now see what has happened! At the very moment when this avalanche of trouble has fallen upon my head, when more than ever it is my duty to be up and quit myself like a man, I find myself suddenly fallen a blind slave to a passion against which my frantic struggles are as impotent as though I had striven with my voice to stem the tide on that dark night in Clanavon Bay. What magic has she used that the slightest memory of those few moments of rapturous happiness should drive away from my memory every black thought and miserable recollection of my great grief?

Let me think coolly for a moment if I can! Here am I without a name and without a single farthing which I can call my own, striving to win, nay, I have already won, the love of a girl who believes me to be a Peer of England. She may love me for myself alone, something tells me that she does, but even if it be so I have no right to her love, nay, it is dishonor to me, that I have told her of mine.

What am I to do? Tell her the truth! Perhaps her father has done so already! I cannot! There is only one other alternative. I must go away; leave her without a word of farewell. Can I do this? I must! . . . . . .

Her father has been here. When they showed him in I had but one thought. He had come in anger, to upbraid me with seeking his daughter's love—and he was in the right. For the first time in my life I was ashamed to look a man full in the face. I stood patiently before him, expecting to hear a stream of fierce, angry words, and determined that whatever he might say I would bear for her sake, and for the sake of my own guilt.

But there came no words from him of any sort, and presently I looked up surprised, half expecting to find him choking with rage. On the contrary, his agitation, for he was agitated, proceeded from quite a different cause.

"Lord Alceston," he commenced, "my daughter has told me something of what has passed between you."

"I am much to blame, Monsieur de Feurget," I answered. "You have cause to be very angry with me. I fear you will think that I have abused your hospitality."

"It does not seem so to me," he said quietly. "Nay, I am proud that my daughter should have won your regard. There is no man in the world whom I would rather see her husband."

"But you forgot," I stammered, amazed.

"I forget nothing! Listen! It would be blind, mad folly of you to disclose what would profit nothing, and would pierce your mother and disgrace your father's memory. Bury it, as I will. We three alone in the world, your mother, yourself, and I, know it. Let it die out from our remembrance." But in case anything should ever happen to bring it to light—which nothing ever can—I will settle the whole of my fortune on you, yourself absolutely, on the day you marry my daughter. Say, Do you consent to this?"

The eagerness which shone in his face and which quivered in his tone was unmistakable. From what I have seen of Mons. de Feu g t I should have deemed him the last man in the world to be moved by vulgar ambition. Yet what motive could he have in urging me to marry his daughter? That he loved her I was sure, and yet by his offer he was exposing her to a dreadful risk.

"Supposing I consented to this," I said in a low tone, broken with agitation, "should you tell her—all?"

"Not a word. What necessity would there be? I shall soon be dead. I feel that my days are numbered, and then, save yourself, no one would know."

"There have been strange instances of truth coming to light," I went on, half to myself. "There have been cases where, after many years, men have come from the dead——"

"There can be no such fear haunting me," he interrupted. "You know that there cannot."

It was a moment of bitter temptation to me. As in a dream there passed before me the sad, sorrowful face of my mother, stricken down by grief in dreary solitude. What would happen to her if I were to play the part of honest man and blazon out this hideous secret? Alas, I knew! Her proud heart would break, and then I saw Marie's face, softened with love and tenderness, and with the mute reproach shining out of her bright eyes; was not her happiness, too, at stake? And last of all I looked into the future, and I saw myself homeless, nameless, wretched, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, with no hope in the future, and no joy in the present—a self-wrecked outcast, to whom death alone could bring release. It was a fearful prospect!

I sank down into a chair and covered my face with my hands. Soon he came and stood by my side, and began talking again in a low tone, nervous with eagerness, urging me to let him go back to Marie and tell her that all was well; begging me to go with him, pouring out a whole torrent of argument, little of which escaped my ears, for I was willing to hear, and eager to be convinced. Yet even then in that brief agitated interview it faintly dawned upon me that there was something strange, something beneath the surface in the hysterical eagerness with which he piled argument upon argument in his frantic attempts to win me to his view of the case.

"Monsieur de Feurget," I said to him suddenly, interrupting his stream of words, "do you think that as a father you are doing your duty towards me like this?"

"Yes," he answered, almost fiercely. "Yes! If I were not as sure of the safety of what I am doing as I am of my own existence, you might have reason to asking that question. As it is you have none. I seek my daughter's happiness. She loves you."

"And God knows that I love her," I cried bitterly. "Monsieur de Feurget, I can give you no answer to-day; no, nor to-morrow. In three days I will have made up my mind. Farewell now."

"In three days! Good," he answered. "At the end of that time I shall expect to hear from you."

Then he went away and I was left alone.

It was late when he departed, nearly midnight, but to attempt to get rest seemed like a mockery to me. My brain was in a whirl and my mind in a state of chaos. But of all the thoughts that thronged in upon me, there was one which held its own always, and which seemed to throw a strange, sweet light upon all the others. She loved me. Was not that worth the world to me!—worth far more than a quixotic scruple which would bring disgrace and misery on other heads than mine if I yielded to it.

I stood by the open window, and I heard the midnight silence broken by the sound of wheels without feeling the curiosity to glance below. There was the noise and bustle of someone being admitted to the hotel, and presently there was a knocking at my door, which was quietly opened and shut. I moved from the recess into the room, and stood face to face with the intruder.

At first I did not know him. I saw a tall, gaunt man with white beard and hair, with hollow cheeks and fevered eyes. When a moment later recognition did sweep in upon me, it brought with it an awed surprise.

"Neilison," I cried, "is that you?"

He was leaning upon the back of a chair, which his long fingers were grasping convulsively. His whole shrunken frame seemed quivering with agitation and his breathing came in quick uneven gasps. He tried twice to speak before he could command words.

"The death certificate of—of Cecil Clanavon. Where—where is it?"

He held out his hand eagerly, but I shook my head.

"It was lost that night in the bay," I answered.

"Do you remember where it was dated from?"

I shook my head. I had never looked.

He sank down into the chair wringing his hands.

"All in vain," he muttered. "In vain—in vain."

I hurried to his side, but his eyes were closed, and a ghastly pallor crept into his face. He had fainted.

(To be Continued.)

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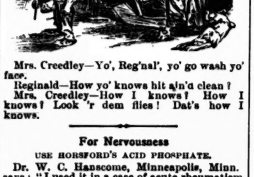

Mrs. Creedley—Yo', Reg'nal', yo' go wash yo' face.

Reginald—How yo' knows hit a'n'd clean? Mrs. Creedley—How I knows? How I knows! Look 'r dem flies! Dat's how I knows.

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A Poet's Good Appetite.

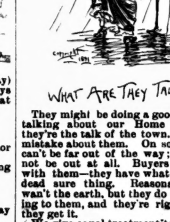
Henrich Heine, when a student at Guttingen was invited with a fellow student to take supper with Prof. Hugo and his hospitable wife. The fare was simple and not too plentiful, but one dish was viewed with conscious pride by the hostess, who evidently felt that nothing could be better for the occasion; that was a small plate containing four fat sausages, with tempting gravy and garnishings of green.

The dish was passed first to Heine, who was in the full tide of a long and animated discourse, setting forth his opinions on some question which had been started by the professor. Instead of serving himself to one sausage, and allowing the dish to proceed on its way to the others who were eagerly expecting it, he seized the plate, placed it before him, and proceeded to dispose of one sausage after another, not neglecting the gravy either, until the garnishing alone remained to show the havoc he had made.

Coming to the end of his speech at about the same time that he finished the last sausage, he looked at the gloomy faces about him, then at the empty dish, discovered what had been the meaning of certain unmodest attempts on the part of Professor Hugo and his distracted spouse to interrupt his flow of language, and of course made profuse apologies. But he was never invited thus to house or supper again, the chance of being left supperless themselves was too great for his host to risk it a second time!

TRAVELLING.—A prudent person leaving on a voyage never fails to put into her trunk a bottle of Persian Lotion, the most agreeable and reliable article for the toilet that druggists have ever offered the public.

Assistance at Hand.



Gavin (as Aunt Fanny appears in doorway) Run round to the gin-house an' git de boys wid th' fire-net, Skiddy! I b'lieve der fat dame's goin' ter jump!"

Their Uses.

"My friend," said the grave old man, "liquor makes misery and water"

"Makes cranks," replied the other, turning away.

How Do You Wear Your Hat?

There is a great deal of character in the way a man wears his hat.

The man who wears it perfectly straight has a corresponding straightforwardness of character. He is a man to be relied upon—steady, business-like, and with a well-balanced temperament.

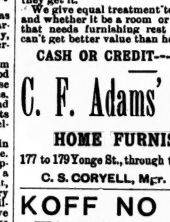
If a hat slopes at the back so as the brim almost touches the neck, its wearer has good brain power; it slopes at the back because its owner is without strong animal propensities, which are situated at the back of the head, and prop a hat up; so that a man whose hat tilts over his nose has more animality than intellectuality about him.

The man who places his hat on one side is, in vulgar parlance, "cocky" and self-assertive. He has a big opinion of himself, and will support it with his fists, too. He is generally a sharp character; you won't take him in, but, unless you are extremely careful, he is very likely to take you in! He can handle the billiard cue, is partial to cards, and likes to have a "little bit" on a horse about which he thinks he knows more than any man breathing.

Then there are some men whose hats are always too large for them, and wrote it not for their ears would pretty well smother them. Such men are usually as much wrapped up in their thoughts as they are in their hats. They are of a philosophic cast of mind, and live a good deal out of the world, for they are generally trying to solve some mighty problem—mighty to them—that not one person in a thousand cares an atom about.

Other men go to the opposite extreme, for their hats are invariably too small for them, and are just perched on the top of their heads, the owners of which are mincing, affected individuals with—as a rule—an inordinate love of dress and any amount of self-esteem.

The man who throws his hat on his head anyhow is a careless, happy-go-lucky, indolent character. He generally has his hands in his pockets, and you can see any number of genus loafing outside saloons and lounging at the street corners.



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The Waiting Juliet.

The house in question was what Peter the Scholar (who corrects my proof-sheets) calls one of the rusinurby sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turfed garden, with a lime-tree or two, a laburnum, and a lawn-tennis court marked out, its white lines plain to see in the starlight. At the end of the garden, a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where, if two persons met, one had to turn sideways to let the other pass. The entrance to this lane was cut in two by a wooden post about the height of your hip, and just beyond this, on the high road, George was waiting for us with the dog-cart.

We had picked the usual time—the dinner-hour. It had just turned dark and the church-clock, two streets away, was chiming the quarter after eight, when Peter and I let ourselves in by the green door I spoke of, and felt a'ong the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. A simpler job there never was. The bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air; and inside was a faint candle light flickering, just as a careless maid will leave them after her mistress has gone down to dinner. To be sure, there was a chance of her coming back to put them out; but we could hear her voice going in the servants' hall as we lifted the ladder and rested it against the sill.

"She's good for half-a-hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder while I began to climb; "but if I hear her voice stop, I'll give the signal to be cautious."

I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill, and looked in.

It was a roomy place, with a great half tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with flaming red poppies sprawling over it; and the further curtain hid the dressing-table, and the candles upon it and the jewel-case that I confidently hoped to snap upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall-paper, I remember—though, for the life of me, I cannot tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with sprigs of gilt honeysuckle upon it.

I looked round and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passage beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm, I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, dropped my feet carefully upon the thick carpet, and went quickly round the bed to the dressing-table.

But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw round the chintz curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand to the bed post.

Before the dressing-table and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated.

She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the scraggiest neck and shoulders I have ever looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candles the powder showed on her cheek-bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her, and even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curry stood at her elbow among the rouge-pots and powder puffs.

While I stood stock-still and pretty well scared out of my wits, she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, folded her hands modestly over her bosom, and spoke, in a deep, tragical voice.

"The prince!"

Then, facing sharply round, she held out her arms.

"You have come—at last!"

There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her, I could see her eyes glowing like a dog's, and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely show.

"Is the ladder set against the window?"

"Since you seem to know, ma'am," said I, "it is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are ruddy—your poppies are too red."

"Then I'm glad my color's come back; for, to tell the truth, you did give me a turn just at first. You were looking for me, no doubt——"

"My prince!" She stretched out her arms again, and, being pretty well at my wits' end, I let her embrace me. "It has been so long," she said; "oh, the weary while! And they ill-treat me. Where have you been all this tedious time?"

I was not going to answer that, you may be sure. By this, I had recovered myself sufficiently to guess what was near the truth—that this was a mad aunt of the family below, and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I met her question with another.

"Look here," I said; "I'm running a considerable risk in braving these persecutors of yours. Hadn't we better elope at once?"

"I am ready."

"And the jewels? You won't leave them to your enemies, I suppose."

She turned to the dressing-table, lifted her jewel-case, and put it into my hands.

"I am ready, 'she repeated; "let us be quick and stealthy as death."

She followed me to the window and, looking out, drew back.

"What horrible, black depths!"

"It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head—look here." I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the sunna. We went down in silence, I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open and his lips too weak to meet on the curses and wonderment that rose up from the depths of him. When I touched turf and handed him the jewel-case, he took it like a man in a trance.

We put the ladder back in its place and stole over the turf together. But outside the garden door Peter could stand no more of it.

"I've a fire arm in my pocket," whispered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my feelings, if you don't explain here and now. Who, in pity's name, is she?"

"You mug—she's the Original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels."

"Pardon me, Jem," he says, in his gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see. Are you taking her off to melt her or marry her? For how to get rid of her else——"

The poor old creature had halted, too, three paces ahead of us, and waited while we whispered, with the moonlight, that slanted down into the lane, whitening her bare neck and flashing on her jewels.

"One moment," I said, and stepped forward to her; "you had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for us at the end of the lane, and when he have stowed them under the seat we can climb in and drive off——"

"To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my hero."

She pulled the gems from her ears, hair, and bosom, and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow. Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, locked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat, and walked off toward the dog cart.

"My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life——"

Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but a little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married, and my sisters' daughters; and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince."

"No, I dare say not."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning——"

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life. I suppose that, as I ran, I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet pattering after me.

She must have run like a demon; for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my waist and pulled me up on to the back seat of the dog-cart. And before George could set the horse going, her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp, and she never got near enough again. But for half a second I looked into that horrible face following us and working with silent rage; and for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now.—*Memoirs of a retired burglar.*

New Mexico for Consumptives.

"I think that New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and much in Europe." J. F. DANTER, M. D., M. C. P. and S., Ont.

A Sad Case.

Gazzam—Life is easily destroyed. I knew a strong man who died after having a tooth pulled.

Maddox—How long after.

Gazzam—About ten years.

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A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

She Has a Musical Ear.

"Come here, Frances, and let mamma tell her little girl about heaven."

"That's where the dear Lord lives, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes; and it is such a happy place. All the good people go there when they die, and they all have harps and sing day and night."

"Will everybody sing, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Will papa sing?"

"Oh, yes."

"All the time?"

"Yes, love."

"Then I don't want to go."

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Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good to return up to December 3, inclusive. Ticket will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p.m. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

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"It seems to be suffering with hydropathic hydrophobia."

"Och, docther, dear, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the crathur?"

"Wash its face, madam; the disease will go off with the dirt."

"Wash its face—wash its face, indade!" exclaimed the matron, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know?"

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"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath."

She had for hours been preparing vials of wrath for him when he should return.

"So you're home at last," she said as she let him in; "it's a wonder you've got home at all."

"No diff'erly gittin' home," he said, "moon's full."

"There's more than the moon full, I'm afraid," she said.

"Yes, we're all full."

"What!" she exclaimed, growing scarlet with indignation.

"Jus' as I say. We're all full. Moon's full, I'm full and you're beautiful."

"Well," she said, with a faint smile, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you as usual."

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Applicant—An' shure, Oi' wouldn't worruck fer no one fer less thin folve dollars. May Oi ask yez wot manes thim picture oop there?

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Applicant—Say no more, mum. Oi'll take th' place.

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Johnny.—Yes'm; and I can lie pretty well, too.

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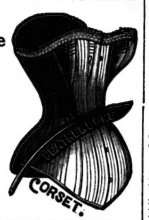

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Oriental Squares and Rugs A nameless variety.

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The Abused Cigarette.

Why do people affect to despise the cigarette? In Chicago's recent election for Mayor the cigar smoking of one of the candidates was made a vital issue. The candidate feared defeat, but somebody heard that Browning smoked nothing but cigarettes and then betting odds grew more equal. He started out to prove that Homer smoked cigarettes, but only got so far as the assuring himself of the existence of papyrus, when a journalist who owned the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, purchased at fifty cents a week, discovered that tobacco was unknown in the time of Homer. The enterprising candidate grew despondent, but the good people of Chicago appreciated his plodding industry in literary research, even if he didn't prove his thesis and elected him. But, seriously, what is the reason of the prejudice? It has been chosen by actors to denote all loathly qualities in man or woman. The stage villain paints a couple of diagonal blue lines from both sides of his nose down past his mouth, sticks a cigarette in the latter, and his villainy is patent. The adventuress dons a red dress and blonde wig, touches her eyes with *bella donna*, and then "turns up" to blight the life of somebody. If her old friends don't recognize her, she lights up with her dainty cigarette, and her terrible identity is at once recalled to them. Perhaps the cigarette is despised because it is an inoffensive means of being "bad." The mild-faced and lamb-like male society buds use it, and people believe they are not equal to pipeing it, and if there is anyone whom both sinners and non-sinners despise, it is one who is afraid to enter fully into the sin he cultivates. A long time ago some one tried to convince people that a cigarette was deadly poison, and far from being too faint-hearted to try a pipe, the young man who smoked a cigarette was doing something foolhardy. But it would not go. The cigarette is still despised as but a pretense at wickedness and a hollow sham.

Speaking of Browning's use of the cigarette, one is tempted to give the following warning against too quickly deciding to follow his example. An intelligent and pleasant gentleman had a Bernhardt-like whim for cultivating a little finger nail of great length. His three year-old nephew gazed long and enviously at the nail and expressed to his mother his great desire for such an ornament. She, thinking it might have a regenerative effect on the man of whims, told him of it, when the gentleman replied with these words of wisdom and implied warning: "When one tries to emulate genius one is all too apt to fasten on a weakness."

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

EVEN in the most generally mortal of Shakespeare's tragedies there is a mixture of motives which show the color of everyday life, the good and evil intermixed. His plays paint a condensed history of human life since the beginning of the world, and they teach the only true philosophy of history, the divine principle of evolution, Voltaire's doctrine that out of evil shall ultimately come naught but good. Not so with those esteemed greatest among modern dramatists, however. Sardou, for instance, in his attempt to paint life has only the colors of hell. This man, who has been honored by the commission to write the dramas for the greatest actress of to-day, thinks the texture of life to be a festering stew of vice. The sorriest theatrical joiner who builds an Irish play, in treating of the philosophy of existence, is a better dramatist than Sardou, and a play, unless it chooses to rank on the same plane as farce, must contain some of it. La Tosca and Sardou's farce, A Scrap of Paper, are equal in art. Neither can pretend to represent human life, but one excites nothing but disgust and the other our risibilities and enables us to appreciate the art of it. Sardou can be taught absolutely nothing of the geometry of play writing, but his work has about as much truth in it as a landscape painted in black and red by a good draughtsman. He blocks out a character carefully for Bernhardt to fill up, and were it not for her his bastard "tragedies" would long ago have dropped into oblivion.

Perhaps two hundred people understood the language of La Tosca at the Academy last week; the balance of the audience could only watch the actions and expressions of the actors. La Tosca is improved by being presented in a language people don't understand, however, and the only distressing thing about the presentation was the mediocre quality of the divine *artiste's* support. Such acting and wretched stage management would have caused the company to be hissed off the stage by a Parisian audience. The temporary hiding place of the escaped prisoner, Angelotti, was discovered through his having shaved his face, the hair having dropped on the floor of the chapel, but Angelotti bobs up serenely in an act or so with the same unaltered whiskers that he wore when he first appeared. Then in the fourth act, Scarpia stood writing in front of a mirror in which he must have seen the reflection of La Tosca grasping the fatal knife. The actor who played the part of Scarpia was in many respects quite fair, but he spoiled his characterization by an attempt at "naturalness," that is, by his business he sought to convey the impression that he was quite an ordinary person, whereas in reality he was not at all ordinary but a most thorough and unmixed villain. In his action his villainy was no more pronounced than that of Spolletta. The Marquis Attravanti was played with a good deal of *bon-homie*.

Madame Bernhardt's face is not beautiful, but its mobility is wonderful. Her figure and motions are grace itself. Her command of vocal expression is almost as great as ever. Regrettably the life she lives and her state of habitual excitement are not calculated to preserve her voice, and it shows a tendency to fail her in moments of violent passion. The intellectual part, the genius of her acting, is so great as to breathe life into and command sympathy for what is in the hands of the dramatist a cold and dead piece of design. Her acting is so pictorial that one understands it as well almost as if she spoke English. Her La Tosca is a hot-blooded Italian girl, a savage as is described, and her love for Mario has thrown her hot soul into such a fever as must surely burn it out. This fevered state of mind

BERNHARDT AS LA TOSCA.

is never lost sight of in any of her versatile scenes, and it gives to the story and Bernhardt's acting a sense of poetic justice. Bernhardt is never violent. Her action as La Tosca was like that of the caged panther who ceaselessly walks back and forth before his iron bars. In the first act her alternate fits of violent jealousy and love were hectic. In the second, her keen distress and impatience under restraint, torn as she was by the most violent jealousy, were again wonderfully depicted. Then in the scene in which her lover is being tortured, her sobbing tones of terror and distress can never be forgotten. Bernhardt's acting in this third act was at its greatest. Hopeless intensity characterized her when cowed by the terror of her lover's and her own position she consented to Scarpia's odious bargain; then dogged horror, when she secures the knife and commits the murder. Then the mechanical intelligence of the untutored prompts her to grant him those rites for the dead which the monks who have brought her up have taught her. Then she finds she has been betrayed by Scarpia and her life burns out with one last flare. One describes Bernhardt's acting and La Tosca's story at the same time, for the two are identical.

Bernhardt is what is called a revelation to theater-goers. Below is given a short paper of hers on the art of acting. She, there, apparently reverses Shakespeare, Corneille and Racine, and tries to impress the fact on people that an audience applauds the creator of the character and not directly the artist who develops it. That is the rank and file of actors and stars. Bernhardt likes to be and have something out of the ordinary. According to the *Mail's* clever interviewer she has an opossum "with a long busy tail," a creature which none has possessed since the world began, until one was made in this year of 1891, A. D. to gratify the whim of the divine Madame Sarah. We are told that Ham the nigger plucked the tail of the original opossum and left it as naked as a rat's, to make strings for his banjo; but things have been changed for Bernhardt. In the selection of her plays, too, instead of building up fame in the great characters which Siddons and Rachel shone in, she prefers to be odd and set off her abilities with something of the Chinese method that she describes below.

There are two classes of criticism in vogue nowadays: the reasonable and severe for shows of a sensible kind, and the lenient attitude for rot. It gives one pleasure to notice the decrease of variety farces all over the country. There are yet some many of them. Half a dozen good ones would suffice this continent. A High Roller used to be a good one, and there is good stuff in it yet, but its principals will have to work harder if they expect to get home in a railroad car. I saw it under inauspicious circumstances. The company had arrived in the city but an hour or so before they were billed to appear, and they had not been rehearsed with the orchestra, and the show may have been lengthened somewhat later in engagement. John D. Gilbert is a very funny eccentric comedian, and is inimitable in certain specialties. If the only Leon would drop his horse-play and get down to business, he, too, would be acceptable. Barney Fagan should have his solemn countenance under burnt cork and do something funny. Miss Lottie Mortimer is clever in her way and comely, as are two or three other young ladies. The rest were so homely as to smash the composition gas nipples. The electric dance was a very pretty effect, and one or two specialties, too vuglar for a house of the Academy's standing, should be dropped.

*

The performance of Ben Hur at the Grand next week will be the most elaborate dramatic affair, whether by amateurs or professionals, that has ever taken place in America. The quantity of scenery used is immense and the costuming beautiful. There is no dialogue, the story being developed by a series of tableaux that illustrate the entire story, the action of which is represented by pantomime. One hundred and fifty Toronto ladies and gentlemen will appear. The opening march of Roman soldiers is grand. Then the Naiad's March is a beautiful effect produced by the very tallest of Toronto's young ladies. The dances also are especially beautiful. There is the Scarf dance of Priestesses in the grove of Daphne, the Gondoliers' dance of Arab maidens in Ilderim's tent, the graceful Tambourine dance, the novel Blackbird dance, and the bright and pretty Butterfly dance. The whole production is under the management of the best professional talent, and, altogether, it will be such a grand and novel dramatic performance as is seldom witnessed in any city.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

At the Grand during the last three nights of this week Rhea has been producing La Czarina, a play written for Rachel by Scribe, one of the few really great dramatists of this century.

Next week Primrose & West's Eight Bells, which took $6,000 out of Cincinnati last week, will be the attraction at the Academy.

Sarah Bernhardt writes as follows on The Actor's Art in the San Francisco *Examiner*: A great French critic said once, in concluding an essay, that acting is the lowest of the arts. He admitted that it was an art, but only by courtesy. I agree with him, and I do not think it requires much reasoning to arrive at the conclusion. The mimetic art means simply the interpretation of the creative art. Do you catch the idea? A pupil in the *beaux arts* may sketch the Venus de Milo on paper with such vigor that his fellows are wonder struck. But the virile reproduction on paper of the statue does not place the artist next the statue's maker, nor does the representation of Phedre put the actor on the pedestal of Racine. The sculptor, the painter, the dramatist, the musician—they create. A thousand different persons, a thousand different things, rush to be assimilated by their genius. The effect is an aggregate of beings taken from the whole of nature. The individuality of the creative genius is deepened, but is not annihilated. His art is of the highest, because he is the embodiment, the representation of nature. Balzac said that to describe a landscape he turned himself for the moment into trees and grass, and fountains and stars, and sunlight, and thus reached the heart of that which he would reproduce. In other words, he created the landscape just as Rousseau would create the same landscape upon six inches of canvas. But for the actor—let him storm—let him storm Parnassus as he will, there are few leaves in the laurel crown. It is his function to represent the creations of genius—to interpret them to the public. He has not the thousand inspirations of the author; he has only the suggestions of the glowing words. The actor is subservient to the author, notwithstanding he may forget his bondage for a brief five minutes and breathe the free air of genius. There was an age in France, they say, when actors were provided simply with the framework of the drama and left to improvise the rest. In fact, Goldoni, the Italian dramatist, speaks of supplying plots to the French King's players from which they improvise the speeches. But we have no evidence that the actors rose above the level of the Chinese stage of to-day, where a similar practice prevails. Mind you, this opinion is not acceptable to the public. I know it must be unpopular of necessity. The public looks upon Siddons, Mars, or Rachel interpreting the grand creations of genius, and regards the actor as the embodiment of Shakespeare, or Racine, or Corneille. The public shouts with applause when the actor trembles with feigned passion, but the same public forgets that the words, the action, the expression, are all simply echoes of another's genius. In the clamor of approval the creative art is forgotten, although that is the base of the entire structure. No actor brings this genius nearer to the heart of the public, to be sure, but at the same time let him remember that he is only the interpreter after all, and the shouts are really for Shakespeare and Racine. And, to end with a suggestion, is not the actor's art akin to the journalist's—that is, in the relation of the latter to literature? It seems to me that the play-house and the newspaper go hand in hand. They are popular vehicles of thought, and are within the scope of the people. Perhaps this is not flattering and perhaps it is unjust—but, then, it is only a suggestion.

"Miss Helyett," a comedy with music, from the French of Maxime Boucheron, arranged and rewritten by David Belasco, and produced under his direction, was tested for its American availability on Tuesday. It has been long talked of. In Paris and in London it has already gained great success, having passed its one hundredth night in the latter city, at the Criterion, while in Paris it has held the stage of the Bouffes-Parisiens continuously since November, 1890. Originally, "Miss Helyett" was styled an operetta in its French form, for Edmond Audran, the composer of The Mascot and of La Cigale, has written about twenty musical numbers to illustrate its text; but in the process of adaptation, both by Burnand in London and by Belasco here, the work has taken on the aspect of a musical comedy. The difference is slight, in any view of it. Audran's music is always graceful and gay, and Belasco has already exhibited skill as an adapter as well as an original dramatist. He has had a delicate task in the revision of Miss Helyett, the main incident in which is the misadventure of a pretty American girl. She unfortunately falls from a precipice and lands head first with her skirts in disarray, in a clump of bushes, and in that embarrassing plight she is seen by a fun-loving French artist, who naturally sketches the odd picture. After that he gallantly rescues her, though he chivalrously does not seek her acquaintance, and she in her confusion avoids looking at him. But afterward she concludes that she should wed him, and upon her search for him the comedy is based. The French comedy was salacious. The London adaptation is rather dull, from all accounts. Belasco has made the girl a Quaker, and intensified her moral scruples, while at the same time he makes her accident inoffensive. In the cast Mrs. Leslie Carter makes her appearance as Miss Helyett; Mark Smith, the artist, an American; Harry Harwood, the Quaker parent of the heroine, and others employed are M. A. Kennedy, George W. Traverner, Laura Clement, Adelaide Emerson, J. W. Herbert, Edgar Ely, Gilbert Sarony, Lillian Elms, Mollie Sherwood, N. S. Burnham, and Kate Davis. Mrs. Carter's essay in musical comedy will be watched with especial curiosity. Miss Helyett will last until midwinter at least.

William J. Florence and his wife will reunite professionally next season, and Joseph Jefferson will be an affluent idler. Edgar Fawcett has written a play called Constantine. Young Salvini, who is on an American tour in plays of the romatic school, will soon make a more ambitious essay in Othello, literally if not artistically wearing his father's mantle. James M. Hill's broken leg is so bad that he will be disabled for several months. Frank Mayo and McKee Rankin have separated in the project of a joint tour in a new adaptation of Wilkie Collins's Man and Wife. W. S. Gilbert told a London magazine interviewer that he regarded Gretchen as his best play, although it was a stage failure, while his worst one, which he did not name, had two years of success. Francis Wilson gave some money the other night to a polite and well dressed fellow, who professed to have had his pocket picked in the audience, but who was a liar, who had swindled other actors and managers in the same way. Mae Clarke, who broke down under the strain as the late Lawrence Barrett's leading actress, is dead. Sydney Armstrong is ill, but hopes to appear in The Lost Paradise at the opening of the Charles Frohman stock company's season in New York. May Brookyn of the A. M. Palmer forces, is also an idle invalid. Richard Mansfield has printed very handsomely his play of Don Juan. William Winter, dramatic editor of the *Tribune*, is preparing a book from his recent visit to England. Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton are at work on volumes relating to the drama. Leander Richardson of the *Dramatic News* distinguishes himself in As Ye Sow, the new novel. Stephen Fiske of the *spirit of the Times* has booked himself well in Holiday Tales. Emma V. Sheridan, the actress, has written a notable story of stage life in Freda. Charles A. Metcalf leaves the business management of the Standard and Union Square to go to the Walnut and Park, Philadelphia, and his assistant, Hopkins, is left idle by the subletting of Hill's two theaters. Arthur Dacre, who was discharged from Mrs. Leslie Carter's company last season, has discontinued the suit which he brought for damages. It is authoritatively announced that Mr. Henry Irving and his company will revisit this country in 1893. The repertoire will then be enlarged by Macbeth, Ravenswood and Henry VIII. Mrs. Scott Siddons is making arrangements for appearing with a company of her own in a new society play. Massenet is at work on a new opera entitled Amy Robsart, the subject of which is drawn from Walter Scott's novel, Kenilworth. Rhea will return to Europe at the end of this season to play for a year in France, Holland and Belgium. Camille D'Arville has been secured by the Bostonians for prima donna *roles*.

William Penn as a Lover.

We are wont to think of the founder of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as a man deeply immersed in religious questions, in legal business, land surveys and titles,—indeed, in all that affected the welfare of the little colony that he established on the banks of the Delaware. To picture him as an ardent lover requires some imagination, especially at a period when the early romance of his life was buried in the grave of his beloved Gulielma, and he figures on the pages of history as a widower, past middle age, with three children. Yet among his letters to his betrothed are some that glow with all the warmth and ardor of youthful affection, while, as befits a man of his years and position, they contain wise reflections on life, and passages marked by the prudence, the forethought, and the practical grasp that come with riper age; and always they are deeply and sincerely religious.

This Quaker lover does not write a sonnet to the eyebrows of his mistress, nor does he say, like a modern widower who has found a new love, "I know that it is for true qualities of her heart and mind that he loves her and desires to win her, as in the following written from Worminghurst, Penn's favorite home, in 1685:

"And now let me tell thee, my Dearest, that tho' there are many qualitys, for which I admire thee, as well as love thee, yet that of compassionating the unhappy is none of the least. And wheresoever pittys has love, for it springs out of the same soft ground; and can never fail, as often there is occasion for it. Thy Dear my Dearest H. has been a mourner, a sympathizer, an inhabitant of dust, and so weaned from the common taste of pleasure, that greatly other Pallats, does so much exalt her character with me, that if this were all she brought she must be a treasure to that happy man that has a Title to her. And since thy good and goodness, she has made it my Lot, it shall be as much my pleasure as she has made it my duty to make her: ONE; tho' only sensible how much I am so of my obligation to her."

One of the most tender of these missives includes some family details about Gulielma, who "is lively yet tender" and has just had his hair cut, and winds up with the following description of a most unromantic hamper which was intended as an offering to the beloved one:

"I presume by the next wagon, there comes an Limper directed to thy father, the Contents for thee. Viz 3 Gallons of light french Brandy, one of wh' pray present thy Mother. I ordered 2 lbs of chocolate to keep them company. My Daughter prays thee to accept of a small pots of venison, that she says will keep well & are of her own manufacture, as were all the last. She is concerned her pie was so long needing wch she fancys would not have been a disagreeable way of eating a pig, but another season will do. These are little things and yet would express tho' meanly love that is great."

At another time William Penn is concerned about the health of his betrothed, and concludes his missive with an earnest recommendation to her to take some pills, that he sends her, at certain hours of the day, and a specified medicinal water, to be imbibed "three dayes before the full changes of the moon."—*Lippincott's.*

Forestalled.

For Saturday Night.

Tripped a damsel, blithely singing,
To the hamlet's common well,
While her natural grace was flinging
Over me a sensuous spell.
Like the well's transparent surface
Was her tractull hazel eye;
And my pulse, as from a furnace,
Hotly throbbed as she drew nigh.

"Prythee let me draw the water;
Some I crave to slake my thirst."
"If you will," said Nature's daughter.
Blushes on her features burst,
Like a rose to sudden blooming,
As she handed me her pail
In a manner unassuming,
And a cup took from a nail.

Pausing with the bucket tilted
Slightly on the fountain's brink,
Mused I: "Maiden, none were jilted
By thy artless wiles, I think.
Innocence thy christian name is;
But whate'er thy surname be,
If not Modesty, I ween 'tis
Surely Peace or Purity."

Quaffed I then to satisfaction
Of the cup and of her eyes,
And for her—my heart's attraction
Yearned as one to win a prize:
While a rapture, past the telling,
Thrilled my soul with ecstasy.
Oh to be with her adwelling
Somewhere in soul unity.

Conscious that my amorous glances
Seized her beauty with desire,
Petulance such mute advances
Checked, for they would fain aspire
To defraud another's troth-right
Of the which he claimed entire,
Much abashed, the lingering love-light
In her eyes I saw aspire.

Soft as angel she departed;
As she turned, our glances blent,—
Blent, and hardly could be parted:
Thought she what the symbol meant?
Roused to see her form receding,
Nevermore to charm my sight,
I with boldness, superseding
Prudence, strove to stay her flight.

"Leave me not!" I cried imploring.
Alackaday! she tarried not,
But, as I stood her adoring,
Hastened she toward her cot;
And a something glistened brightly
On her left and dainty hand.
Would that I had guessed not rightly
That it was a golden band.

Love, how wast thou surely outraged
When discerned the saddening truth.
Oh! that one in whom was imaged
All the loveliness of youth,
And whose melting soul, I fancied,
Merged in union with mine own,
That her presence me entranced,
Should be lost so soon as known.

TORONTO. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

A Last Good-Bye

For Saturday Night.

I stand on the verge of the valley,
My past a tale that is told,
And the future unknown before me
Till the curtains of mist unfold;
From so near the shadowy valley—
The valley of death—I cry
To a loved one far on the mountain,
Good-bye, a last good-bye.

Will the echoes waft my words to you
Over the gulf of years?
Will you turn away from my pleading
And disregard my tears?
Pride falleth from me like a garment,
For ah, I so soon must die,
And I break the long cold silence—
Good-bye, a last good-bye.

Alas, you have bitterly wronged me,
My offence I never knew,
I only know that with all my soul
I have always been true, so true.
Your path lies aye in the sunlight,
Look down to the gloom with a sigh
For the loyal heart that has vanished—
Good-bye, a last good-bye.

I gladly go down to the valley,
For life has been full of pain;
Death may be kinder than life has been,
It may not be long, but gain.
But listen at least to the echoes—
Believe me now, ere I die,
I was so true, so true to you—
Good-bye, a last good-bye. E. M. SCHOLEFIELD.

The Stranger.

For Saturday Night.

I.

I wander'd by the glassy, gleaming lake
One sweet September evening, when the day
Was fading from fair Cobourg's hills and dales,
And many a burning hue and glorious sky
Sort glimmer'd in the beauty-burnish'd west;
The fair faint echoes of the sailor's song,
The moan of waters and the drowsy drone
Of weary nature stole upon my ear
(Like stars peep) gently through the shades
All things were peaceful, save my pensive heart,
Whose turbid troubles knew no placid calm,
No dreamless repose, no soothing balm.
No welcome home, no snow-white hand to soothe—
The fretful fever of its aching pulse.

II.

I suffer'd loneliness; the bird had flown
Home to its leafy nest where night winds lull'd
The tiny songster, till in calm repose
His head embosom'd his brown 'neath his wing;
And one by one the lighted lamps did shine
Through flow'ry curtains and tree-arched bow'rs.
I worship nature, for she oft hath soothed
My fever'd spirits with her songs of peace,
But there are moments when a kindly heart,
A human accent and a genial smile
Would better meet the cravings that I feel
Within the precincts of my roaring soul:
Then why upbraid me if I long for some
Sweet voice to pierce the gloom and welcome me?

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Gone Before.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of cold,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! And summer is come again,
Singing her same old song;
But, ah! it sounds like a sob of pain
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore;
For I know I shall find my treasure there—
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

—*New York Mail and Express*

Between You and Me.

CLASS of people who have most of the crust and very little of the cake of life are the "poor relations." They have been satirized, made game of and held up to ridicule in a hundred different shapes, but poor souls, theirs is a hard row to hoe. When through bad conduct or speculative losses, or ill-health, or some inexplicable crookedness of what we call luck, they lose their grip on the skirts of fortune and go down—down—and get shabby and shambling and depreciating and spiritless, we are too apt to get restive under the obligation of "doing something" for them. In the Old Country, they are an institution, nearly every family of means having its collection of incapable spinsters who are liable to unlimited snubbing and hectoring and bullying, and its out-at-elbows male hangers-on, who are patronized and grudgingly aided pecuniarily by the head of the clan. And as Canada grows older, and some of her pioneers accumulate wealth, their quota of poor relations will appear.

*

It is a hard lesson to learn, that of our stewardship. The average man and woman who has gained or inherited a competency cannot help the impulse of appropriation which talks of *my* money, *my* stocks or *my* property. Tell such an one that he or she holds their wealth as a trust, to be spent under the eye of a Giver who orders them to divide of their substance, first with their own kin, if they need it, and afterwards with outsiders in want, and they will in nine cases out of ten either agree, with a mental reservation that is strong dissent, or they will openly flout your notion and scorn the obligation. Sometimes a very small settled sum would lift a load of care from a widow or an orphan, or a struggling man or a delicate woman, a sum that Dives would scarcely miss from his comfortable income, but how often do we find him give up that pittance? rather, how seldom! No, he shakes off the duty and acts as if he were owner instead of steward, and meanwhile the poor relation struggles, starves or suicides as he will.

*

A letter has come to me this week, not quite so long as that Japanese one, which measured seventy-five feet, but of respectable dimensions, from that prettiest of Swiss towns, Geneva. The writer, one of Toronto's sweetest women, tells of the quaint town, divided by the blue waters of the lake, of snowy peaks whose names conjure up romance and song and story, of the funny disjointed conversation with callers whose role language is their native French, of the unadulterated Swiss kindergarten, in which the soul of her baby boy delights, and of the riding school, and the classes of all sorts for the daughters, and has, like a true woman, a word of praise for the cosy afternoon teas and the Swiss tea cakes, which she says romantic young persons call "dreams." India, China and Canada are the nationalities of the three families who are *en pension* together in that Swiss town, and the charming letter carried me far away from Toronto, to where the holy mountains stand about the free land of the chamois and the edelweiss.

Enjoying this letter so much has made me wonder at the very few among letter-writing folk who write a good readable letter. Letter-writing, like poor relations, is a great institution in England. They have quantity if not quality, for (between you and me) the very most stupid letters I have ever read were written by English people. Who wants to read three pages on the weather, one on the political crisis, two more on the effects of both these enthralling happenings on the writer's health, and the last two of disjointed messages from everyone to everyone else? "All here send love to all" is at once aggravating and untrue. The above sketch of a letter is an actual fact, and Lady Gay's correspondent is one of the most cultured and delightful of beings, though letter-writing is a weak point with the dear soul.

*

I suppose we all went to hear Sara Bernhardt last week, for the pretty theater was crowded with bright faces and gay gowns. In the face of three correspondents, who demand my opinion of the actress and order it to be inserted in this week's paper, I am forced to admit that Sara and I are out. While it is a feast to ears attuned to hear her delightful French, and a delight to follow her little artistic gestures, and a wonder to listen to the hundred and one subtle modulations of her expressive voice, and a horror to witness her agony, and a revelation to see her make love, still there is something horribly repugnant to me about this gifted being. Perhaps had I the opportunity of a sister scribe to be fascinated, I should also sing Sara Bernhardt's praises. At present I confess to a very sincere determination not to see her or hear her again if I can help it. This, no doubt, is a sincere compliment to her acting, but her acting is above compliment or criticism of mine. Only, the pet name of the Divine Sara seems to be the most subtle bit of sarcasm that an unsuspicious public ever launched at its pet prodigy.

*

If anybody is interested in the city which has captured the World's Fair of 1893, they should take time to read what a Milwaukee man says about it in the *Cosmopolitan* for November. This article, stretched far beyond the usual magazine limits, is full of interest and bright with quips and quirks of all descriptions. It gives one a true and indelible impression of the distinctive features of Chicago, and is almost as fair a criticism as could be given of its advantages and drawbacks.

*

A very funny little skit on society up to date appears in that incorrigible paper, *Truth*. The style of poking fun at the present inundation of *nouveaux riches* is an adaption from those well conned conversation exercises which one remembers in the Ollendorff of one's French and German study hours. Here is one of the paragraphs, which seems to be but little wide of the mark: EXERCISE 2.—What do you want?—I want some fine friends.—Do you want me?—I want thee.—Will you change my old friends?—I will change them for crowns, florins, and kreutzers. Must I give them money to stay here?—You must.—Has your pretty wife ever been to the Divorce Court?—She has never been to the Divorce Court, but she has the intention to go.—Do you hope to arrive at good society?—I hope to arrive there.—Will you lend me a thousand crowns?—I will lend you two.—What will you carry to my house?—I will carry to your house the good Prince, the handsome American, and the rich merchant.

*

Apropos of Labouchere's funny article, it is well to remember that the popular outcry against the *nouveaux riches* of society, even in this democratic country, has an answering defensive argument. People who "make" money, in many cases, are smart, bright, energetic natures, with good sense and judgment, who would be an acquisition to many a stupidly select circle of fossils, enshrouded in a vapor of their own imaginations and calling themselves the *crème de la creme* of the city or town they inhabit. The very withdrawal from touch and sympathy with God's great family acts in a deteriorating, narrowing way upon their natures, and the supercilious stare, the dilated nostril, the dropped lip-corners, are all tiny flavors of the gall and bitterness which turn sour the sweet milk of human kindness. Give the new people a chance; they have sometimes something more than money—brains, sympathies, friendly feelings, and good sense.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Eugene Winchet of Dayton, Ohio, lets all working-girls ride for half price on his street railway, which runs through the suburbs of the city.

The nihilist Sophie Gunsberg, who was recently privately executed in a Russian prison, was said to be beautiful, and possessed a fascination few people could resist.

Mrs. Elizabeth Beatty, once a maid of honor at the court of George IV., died in Elizabeth, N.J., a few days ago, at the age of eighty-eight. She was formerly the wife of a British officer.

One of the American artists represented at this year's Champ de Mars Salon, in Paris, was Miss Lee Robbins, who has sold one of her pictures exhibited there to the French government.

The most popular patroness of athletic sports in France is the Duchess d'Uzes, who is herself a fine sportswoman and horsewoman. She also dabbles in literature, plays the organ, and shows a good deal of talent as a sculptor.

The studio of Meissonier and its contents will probably be offered by his widow and son to the state. The value of $400,000 is placed upon the gift, which includes some nearly finished pictures as well as studies and sketches.

The death of the Grand Duchess Paul has entailed the wearing of the heaviest of mourning upon the ladies of the Imperial court, and Parisian dressmakers are overwhelmed with orders for black gowns from their Russian customers.

Louis Prang, the famous chromo-lithographer, was, when a young man, a calico printer in Prussia. He fled to the United States to escape arrest for participation in a revolution, and for many years, before he struck the lucky vein that brought him fame and fortune, led a hand-to-mouth existence.

Queen Victoria prolongs her stay at Balmoral Castle well on into the fall. She will probably remain there until the latter part of November. The bracing air at the Scotch castle suits the Queen far better than the more relaxing climate of the Isle of Wight, where she usually pass s the Christmas holidays.

The Liberal party of Hungary is making elaborate arrangements to celebrate next year the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Louis Kossuth. It proposes to purchase for him the estate of Dabas, where his father and mother are buried, and to in other ways make happy the declining years of the great leader.

Mrs. Fleming, the sister of Rudyard Kipling, writes under a pseudonym for several English magazines, and has recently published for private circulation a novel entitled The Heart of a Maid. Mr. Kipling's mother is said to write poetry, and in the dedication of one of his books her son calls her "the wittiest woman in India."

A school for domestics, the first of its kind, is to be opened in St. Petersburg. The object will be to teach poor women all kinds of household work, cooking, mending and sewing linen, also dress and skirt making. The women who successfully learn their work will be recommended to good positions and such of them as cannot stay away from their households will get work at home.

Mr. Walter Pelham has revived what has been almost a lost art, and some beautiful specimens of his taste and skill have elicited high praise from critics and connoisseurs. Certificates of marriage and of baptism, on creamy vellum, illuminated in gold and colors by Mr. Pelham's brush, possess the softness and delicacy and something of the exquisite charm of manuscripts and missals treasured in old monasteries, and patiently wrought in the Middle Ages.

The home of Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch at New Hartford, Connecticut, is said to have been planned by her entirely. She has wished to own this particular place ever since she was eighteen years old, and for years she has been making purchases for the house she one day hoped to build, but it has only been an accomplished fact for a few months. The mantel pieces are unusual, every one having been purchased from New York dealers in second hand building materials. A feature of the house is the piazza, which is loggia.

Mrs. E. C. Coates, better known as Sara Jeanette Duncan, has done journalistic work on the Toronto *Globe*, Buffalo *Courier*, Washington *Post* and Montreal *Star*, besides writing her two bright books, A Social Departure and An American Girl in London. Mr. E. C. Coates holds a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian Museum at Calcutta, and is the author of several entomological publications. The Theodosia of Miss Duncan's Social Departure is Miss Lily Lewis, who is also engaged in newspaper and other literary work.

A Study in Woman's Vanity.

HE ladies of Paris have determined that the time has arrived when patches shall be reintroduced. The generation now living cannot possess any recollection of these extraordinary appendages of the face. Even their fathers can recall them only by tradition, for they had vanished before the French revolution banished so many absurdities in attire, to replace them by others, of which the best to be said is that they were no worse than their predecessors. One requires to turn to their prints and the pasquinades of Elizabeth, the Stuarts, and the early Hanoverian kings to see that extraordinary fashion in all its fulness of folly. Indeed, without it the full-bodied satires of these periods of our history would have lacked a favorite theme, since it is scarcely possible to turn to a Caroliean drama without coming upon some allusion to the practice of gumming bits of taffeta on a lady's cheek with the design of heightening her charms. At first these addends to the skin were simply patches not unlike a scrap of black sticking plaster. But by the time of Charles I, when the fashion attained its zenith, crescents, stars, and lozenges had become frequent, and there is a contemporary portrait in which a damsel has a coach and four on her right temple, a round spot on her chin, a star on either cheek, and a crescent under her left eye. In Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, which appeared just before the restoration, the exaggerated outcome of patching is alluded to in such terms that it is clear the stern Puritanism of the commonwealth had done little to modify it. For this writer makes merry over the manifold variety of his heroine's artificial adornments:

"Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples and for scars,
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars."

A chariot and horses appear to have been an especial favorite, since they are referred to by more than one pamphleteer of that period, in spite of some stern rebukes from severe moralists like the author of An Invective Against Black-spotted Faces, who indulges in a philippic on the subject, so strongly worded that, when he opines that ladies is

"Open day and night
To such as black spots delight,"

his diction is subdued in comparison with the rest of his satire. But there is no instance in history of mere ridicule killing any fashion. Yellow starch held its own, untouched by laughter, until Mrs. Turner, the inventor of it, paid the penalty of her share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; and black satin ceased to be a popular fabric only when Mrs. Manning elected to be executed in a gown of that material. Hence no amount of invective or argument or jocularity had the slightest effect on patching until the devotees of novelty tired of the practice just as mysteriously as they had grown fond of it. It survived the commonwealth, and the restoration, and the revolution, and seemed to be as fashionable as ever though not quite so universal as in the early years of the century which witnessed those political changes. For we find Mr. Pepys recording his wife's first appearance in patches as an event worthy of special comment. It is interesting to note that the president of the Royal Society is quite pleased with the experiment, which, it seems, he had required some persuasion to permit. Nor did a few weeks' familiarity damp this early enthusiasm. For he declares that with "two or three patches"—she had only one at first—his spouse looked much handsomer than the Princess Henrietta. Still, patches were accounted a visible sign of extreme gaiety. Accordingly, we find that exemplar of propriety, Lady Castlemaine, decreeing that they were not to be worn with mourning; but on all other occasions—at the theater in the afternoon, in the parks in the evening, and in the drawing-room at night—they were to be considered a proper portion of "modish" attire. By and by they assumed a political aspect, the Whig ladies patching the right and the Tory dames the left side of their faces, while those who were in the happy condition of being neutrals decorated both cheeks. This custom incurred the Spectator's disapproval, since he affirms that these ladies without political scruples were in the habit of turning their Whig or their Tory cheek to the beau whose person, rather than his party, happened to be most in favor. Mr. Bickerstaffe admits, nevertheless, that many ladies were above this frivolity. They "patched on principle," and some of them adhered so steadfastly to their party that "in a late draught of marriage articles," we are told, "a lady has stipulated with her husband that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on whichever side she pleases." This was written in 1711. Yet, forty-four years later, the fashion, so far from waning, had grown to such proportions that the satirists of that date had begun to treat the monstrosity with becoming gravity. The entire face threatened to be overwhelmed by these additions to it. As one writer remarks, the cap was diminishing to the size of a patch, while the patch was enlarging itself to the size of a cap. How any notion so ridiculous as sticking bits of black plaster on the face originated is a mystery which has puzzled the historians of costume and customs. The usual explanation is that patches were invented in England by a foreign lady at the court of Edward VI., in order to cover a wen on her neck. This tale is so far credible that full-bottomed wigs were introduced by a French barber for the purpose of concealing the higher shoulder of the Dauphin, long coats by Charles VII. of France to hide his ill-made legs, pointed shoes by the Duke of Anjou to humor an excrescence on one of his feet, and short hair introduced to flatter Francis I., who, in order to permit of a wound in his head being dressed, had to crop his flowing locks. But in Queen Elizabeth's reign it was the male, not the female, fop who patronized patches. "A pert dull grin, a black patch 'cross his face," are the terms in which a dandy of that era is characterized. There is, indeed, no evidence that the practice grew much in favor with ladies until some time later. Even then they had not the merit of originality, since the fashion was in vogue among the Roman dames during the degenerated days of the empire. The truth most probably is that patching was suggested by tattooing, of which it is only a modification. If so, the endless shapes which this cuticular decoration takes ought to afford illimitable room for the vagaries of fashion. As tattooing is a whim from which, once adopted, there is no turning back, we do not imagine there is much chance of its being generally adopted. Yet in the exquisite designs pricked in the skins of Japanese and Polynesians there is infinitely greater taste displayed than was ever visible in the tawdry patching of two centuries. By and by civilization will have exhausted its meagre repertory of improvements upon nature. Paint and powder, patches and earrings, round hoops and square farthingales, the Grecian bend and the royal limp, full-bottomed wigs and crops, all these may be revived, only to die in time. But barbarism is all but exhaustless. To black the teeth with lime and betel, like the Dyaks, to file them to saw-like points as so many Africans do, to flatten the forehead like the Chinooks, to squeeze the skull into a case in the Koskeemo style, to wear a shell through the nose after a fashion much in vogue among barbarians, or to slit the ears into links like so many more, to insert blue studs into the cheeks, as some of the Alaskan Eskimaux are addicted to doing, and a bone saucer in the lower lip like the Hydah belles, might possibly require a wrench to old prejudices. For the fashion is for life. But once patches pall upon the female love of change, there is surely an opening for the costumers in the Klamath Indians' custom of covering their squaws' chins with pine pitch, or in the fashion of painting one side of the face with vermilion and the other with soot, which is regarded with so much favor among the Sioux sisterhood.

'Varsity Chat.

OUR annual athletic sports were held on the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds on last Friday week. It was a regular Indian summer day. The officers were: President, D. P. McColl; secretary, J. Crawford; treasurer, R. H. Knox; starter, J. Pierson; timekeepers, C. H. Nelson and G. M. Higginbotham; judges, J. M. McCallum, M.D., M. Currie, B.A., and A. Goldie; clerk of course, H. C. Pope, B.A.; announcer, A. F. Edwards; measurers, E. Rykert, B.A., and W. H. Bunting; referee, D. P. McColl. Among those who took an active part in the events were: G. D. Porter, L. Campbell, J. C. Hamilton, A. E. Hooper, G. W. Orton, Jos. Clark, W. Crane, T. Agnew, W. A. Langford, J. McArthur, R. S. Straith, Playfair, D. P. McColl, H. Moore, Pratt, M. Currie, B. A., J. M. Godfrey, B. A., G. Young, B. A., T. E. R ad, W. F. Park, Forbes, Clarke, Buck, C. Ashdown. Orton, Porter and Hamilton are worthy of special mention. The latter agreeably surprised everybody on his excellent run in the quarter-mile race, which he won. Porter won the championship and Orton carried off several firsts, notably the one-mile

AT THE GAMES.

race which he ran in 4:55. The team race was a new departure and was much appreciated by the spectators. The teams were as follows: Third year, Pratt, Moore, Orton; second year, Revell, Edwards, Forbes; Residers, Clark, Gilmore, Cameron. The third year men won easily. It was a "relay" race and run as follows: One man from each team ran a quarter carrying a handkerchief in his hand. At the quarter the handkerchief was transferred to a fresh man of the team, who ran a lap with it and then delivered it to the third man, who finished the race. There was a large attendance of ladies, and the sports may be pronounced to have been a success.

*

Much Greek prose and grammar makes us weary, but men of learning and culture never seem to tire of referring to Greek history and the teachings to be found therein. The Grecian games is a never failing fountain of illustration for theologians, statesmen and journalists. Now as all this is true, may we not expect future generations while referring to our educational institutions to picture to the untutored mind the part which sports played in the development of sound bodies and pure minds? But I must get to my subject? On Saturday last our Rugby team defeated Queen's by 25 to 17. It was a splendid victory, and all the more so because we had data which had led some of our freshmen to reason out success to Queen's. The latter team was loyally cheered by one hundred and fifty of their fellows. From this 'Varsity might well learn a valuable lesson and in like manner support their team when on distant fields. Our men were: Back, McGuerrie; halves, Bunting (captain), Parkyn, Gilmour; quarter, Smith; wings, Bain, Laidlaw, Clayes, N. Lash, F. Moss, C. Wood, C. Cross; forwards, M. Lash, McMillan, McCrae. Parkyn was suffering from a sprained ankle and had to quit the field. His place was taken by C. Wood and Joe Clark took a "wing."

Some of "us boys" attended the opera house on Hallowe'en, and afterwards serenaded the Ladies' Colleges. Last night, however, we moralized for an hour or so on the follies of human life by debating in the Literary Society the subject: "Resolved, that the stage has ceased to be an educator." Those who occupied the pit of the opera house on Hallowe'en would, I suppose, unanimously vote for the affirmative.

*

Winners of University scholarships in Knox College have been announced as follows: Fourth year, Mr. J. H. Borland; third year Messrs. Thos. A. Bell and Jas. A. Dow (eeq); second year, (1) Mr. J. H. Bruce and (2) Mr. H. T. Kerr; first year, A. A. Lang; the Bayne scholarship, Mr. G. A. Wilson, B. A.

*

Messrs. W. H. Barrett, D. Carswell, D. Spear, G. Wilson and A. E. Neilly were the speakers at the meeting of the Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society on Tuesday night.

*

Our class presidents for this session are: Mr. J. C. McLennan, '92; Mr. E. A. Henry, '93; Mr. S. J. McLean, '94; Mr. J. McArthur, '95.

*

The Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science met on Tuesday, and papers by Mr. H. E. T. Hamilton and Mr. H. G. Shillinglaw were read.

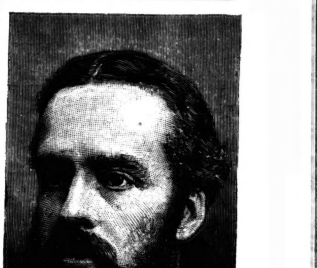
*

The "meds." have appointed the following enthusiastic committee to make arrangements for their annual dinner: Mr. S. H. McCoy, B.A., president (acclamation); Mr. H. F. McKendrick, first vice-president; Mr. H. A. McClennahan, second vice-president; Dr. G. Boyd, B.A., graduates' toast; Mr. G. W. Gould, graduating class' toast (acclamation); Mr. C. E. Smith, ladies' toast.

*

The first Saturday public lecture will be delivered in the old library hall this afternoon at 3 o'clock, by Sir Daniel Wilson, on Shakespeare. On this day week Prof. James G. Hume, M.A., Ph. D., will deliver his inaugural lecture on The Value of the Study of Ethics.

JUNIOR.



The Leader of the English House of Commons.

The Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, nephew of Lord Salisbury, is the new leader of the House of Commons. He has been called "a man of iron," although he has been described as slight and thin, whose over-tall frame, drawn features, and incipient stoop tell their own tale. Until, with his doctor's encouragement, he tried the bold experiment of continuous work at a high nervous pressure, it was an open question whether he, too, like some of his relatives, would not be faced every winter by the alternative—death or exile of Egypt. Liberal opinion is not so complimentary as that of the Tories, who call him another Cromwell. This is Mr. Morley's picture of him: Mr. Balfour is an able and accomplished man. He is not always a very chivalrous man. . . The truth is that the Chief Secretary treats the Irish members with the easy contempt of a white man for the negroes of a cotton plantation. Their antics and their drolleries amuse him, and if they carry it too far he knows he can always lock them up.

He is cultured and æsthetic, an aristocrat who has dignity, but one of the kind that makes democrats long to crush out the race and see no more of such contemptuous pride of birth.

A Brother's Part.

Sweet Girl—George, although I refused to marry you, I promised to be a sister to you, you know.

George (gloomily)—Y-e-s.

"And you know you said I might, and you said you'd be a brother to me."

"Did I?"

"Yes, I'm sure you said something like that."

"Well, I'll try."

"That's real good of you. Can you spare a little time for me now?"

"A life-time if you ask it."

"No, only a few hours."

"Certainly. What is it you want?"

"That hooked-nose old lady over there, with green goggles, is my chaperon. I wish you'd take her off and flirt with her this evening, so I can have a little chat with Mr. Hansom."

An Estimable Privilege.

Mr. Povvynew.—I'd like to live abroad, if only for one thing.

Mr. Van Bibber.—What is that?

Mr. Povvynew.—Think of the delight of getting your wines fresh from the vineyard!

Afraid He'll Find Some.

Ploddy—Why are you walking about with your eyes half closed?

Shoddy—I'm looking for work.

A Modern Baby.

Little Bobby—Your new brother is awful little.

Little Harry (loftily)—Oh, he'll be bigger yet! We are getting him on the instalment plan.

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONSULTATION.

The noble river widens as we drift,
And the deep waters move than brackl ih grow;
We note the sea-birds flying to and fro,
And feel the ocean currents plainly lift
Our bark, and yet our course we would not shift;
These are but signs by which the boatmen know
They're drawing near the port to which they go.
—*C. P. B.*

On going downstairs after leaving Price's room, Hastings was considerably surprised to find a note waiting him from Dr. Graham. Some of the guests at Bachelor's Beatitude said that Hastings and Graham were entirely too "chummy" during this illness of their host, but, then, they only said this when they were in a bad temper; and Hastings cheerfully affirmed that if any amount of "chumming" could cure Price, he was not afraid of the accusation.

Newton and Burnside were making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, with cigars and the news, in the shade of the piazza, as Hastings passed through the hall and joined them. Newton flicked the trail of vine just above his head with the letter he held, eying the newspaper with mock amazement; then he handed Hastings the missive hastily written on a page torn from the doctor's note-book.

"Read it quickly, Mr. Nurse," he said, lazily, with a twinkle in his eyes, "and then you his away to fulfil its command."

"How is Price, Tom?" asked Burnside, with a silencing side-glance at Newton. "When are the rest of his guests to be allowed to see him? I, for one, should rather like it."

"You mustn't ask questions, little boy," reproved the irrepressible Newton, with a grave shake of the head. "'Is nurse won't allow that. Its nurse keeps its little mouth shut, and won't even tell whether it's Boo or Boogaboo upstairs."

"Don't be ridiculous, Ned!" retorted Hastings, shortly. He was exceedingly annoyed by the contents of the doctor's crisp note and was in no joking humor. "Price is attended by Graham promises him liberty to leave his bed to-morrow, I believe, when all of us can go up and sit wi h him if we want to, on a sort of instalment plan, one at a time. But just at present I have to go uptown in this baking heat, when I expected to have a chance at a cigar and the news!"

"That comes of being the doctor's pet," said Newton, in well simulated condolence. "You mustn't mind, Tom. The p'per has to be paid, you know."

Hastings turned impatiently away without replying, with a frown upon his face. The note he had i was remarkably concise and imperative, in which Tom Hastings was requested to be at Dr. Graham's residence as soon as he could make it convenient—immediately, if possible—signed wi h the familiar heavy scrawl of Jack Graham.

That it related to Price, Hastings did not doubt, and, therefore, prepared at once to obey the summons, regardless of Newton's taunts and in spite of the midday heat. He could take his own time about returning, if he was to intensely interested in this peculiar case to delay. So he went to the stables and ordered one of the horses usually used by Price's guests had perfect freedom regarding his possessions, and rode away directly from the stables, not wishing to be further questioned by those upon the piazza.

"Mrs. Eatabrook is the only one who gives a fellow credit for pure motives in this," Hastings muttered, as he mounted and set off at a rapid rate away at an easy gallop. "I'm sure I wish to the deuce there were no need of secrecy or 'chumming;' but so long as it seems to be need, rather think Graham can count on me to help pull Price through. He has a mighty good nurse, that's certain. If she were some twenty years younger, now, there might be danger of one or other of the fellows falling in love; but as it is—"

He laughed, shrugging his shoulders, and urged Jess to her mettle, dashing along the wide road at an exhilarating pace, his spirits mounting with the exercise.

"There's nothing will chase away the blues so soon as a run like this," he said, riding in through the gateway at Dr. Graham's residence. "I'll put you in the stables, my pretty maid; the hitching-post outside isn't quite suited to your aristocratic blood, and I shall feel safer to know that you are here."

Jeffreys, Graham's man, led the mare away as Hastings turned toward the house in much better spirits than when he rode out of the great gateways at Bachelor's Beatitude not long before.

"You see I was prompt, Jack," he said to Graham, as he entered the office. "From your note I rather considered that promptness was the order of the day. What's up now, if I may inquire? It must be something queer to get ahead of what has already happened."

Graham met his eyes keenly, and the jesting died from Hastings' manner.

"It is queer," he said, quietly, as they seated themselves, the physician at his desk, his friend in a chair facing him, one leg thrown lightly over the other and his hands clasped around his knees. "It is not only queer," he continued, with slow emphasis, "but if I were used to employing strong language, I should say that it is devilish queer, Tom! Look here! You came to me when you were rather rattled about this case of Price's, and now I send for you to give you confidential advice and information. You will be surprised. I warn you of that beforehand. Now listen."

He leaned forward, facing Hastings earnestly and the latter was more impressed by his manner than by his words.

"Up to this time, Tom, we have been working to discover the cause of Price's illness, the active agent in these remarkable attacks. We know the effects pretty thoroughly and to make our own deductions and draw conclusions. We have taken the utmost care and still have been thwarted in gaining proofs to justify our claims. We are now, I think, on a fair road to making a discovery."

"How?" queried Hastings, with pardonable curiosity, as the doctor paused. "I'm sure we have worked like dogs to discover this, and to me it looks as black and blank as ever."

"No doubt," said Graham, coolly. "The darkness shall presently lift, I think, when I have come to the conclusion that it would be well to have a consultation of physicians on Price's case; in this way we shall gain the opinion of others upon the malady and have powerful evidence when we have use for such. By discovering the positive effects we shall come at the agent producing them. When the agent is discovered, we shall have the word of eminent men that such must inevitably have been the cause of such and such symptoms and effects. After the consultation we will set about discovering the primary evil, the root of the malady.

He paused again, and Hastings took up the thread of conversation. Both men were very quiet but exceedingly in earnest.

"The consultation is all very well," he said, "and a good thing; but you will never be able to convince Price of that. He is a mighty queer fellow when he takes it into his head to be, and he generally does take it into his head to be when there is the least hint of publicity concerning h'mself. He's as open as the day, but he's shy, too, Jack. You will never bring him around to any such agreement."

Jack closed his lips with quiet determination as he replied, undisturbed and unconvinced:

"When he thoroughly understands the matter, I have enough confidence in him to know that no shyness on his part will inconvenience us or stand in the light of larger science. I shall make it very clear to him. There is too much at stake to delay longer than absolute necessity demands."

"Look here, Jack," Hastings said, coolly, and his lips were as determined as his friend's; "there is more than this behind your words, and you may as well come to the point without further argument or unnecessary words. If you make the case no clearer to Price than you have to me, I very much doubt your success. You certainly did not send for me in this boiling heat in that extremely commanding note to argue about the advantage and disadvantage of a consultation of physicians. I have a share of common sense, though you would disallow it. Come, now, tell it straight, and don't keep me in suspense. I protest."

Graham smiled in an exasperatingly superior manner, a quizzical light for a moment in his eyes.

"Well, then," he said, with a return to his former earnestness; "there is this much about it, Tom. As I have told you, I am determined to have positive proof of the cause of this malady. I have been working my plans as promptly and clearly as I could, working as I did almost altogether in the dark, save as science suggested a gleam of light. But a gleam is not sufficient. I must have broad light, Hastings!"

"Yes," acquiesced Hastings, in grave attention.

"Now for the source from which the light shall come," continued the doctor, impressively. "It is perfectly clear, easily traced and comprehensive. You are acquainted with Price's life as well—even better than I. You know his home associations, his difficult life with his parents and a sister inheriting to the utmost the mother's good and evil. The mother had a temper that overbalanced the softer side of her nature."

"She was a very devil when she wished to be," said Hastings, interrupting.

"Yes," replied the doctor, calmly. "Well! The daughter did this insanity of temper to a greater degree than her mother. Also, she must have squandered her inheritance through this terrible temper in her home life as well as in all else. We both are acquainted with the history of her infatuation for this novelist. It is sad, indeed, but no more than her untamed nature tended to. She would listen to nothing but her own heart, and her heart was black at times.

"Her brother, Lee Price, doubted that this man ever attempted to win her or gave her more than ordinary friendship, until she discovered that she loved him, and set about winning him. She possessed personal magnetism to a remarkable degree, and her intense nature must of necessity overwhelm any weaker nature at her will.

"Well! There is no use in going over all this. She ran away with him and squandered her fortune and died, so far as any one could discover. Price certainly did his best to learn the truth and bring her back to her home, but to no end. Then he believed her dead. She is not dead."

"The devil!" exclaimed Hastings, blankly. He used the expression merely as an ejaculation, not as a noun.

Graham laughed involuntarily.

"It is the devil in every sense," he replied. "She is a devil, and there's the devil to pay as well. I haven't told you all."

"No," said Hastings, more quietly; "I don't pretend to think that you have, Jack."

"She is alive at this moment," continued Graham—"that is, so far as I know to the contrary. Now then! Some five months, she was in New York city, apparently in her lower or deserting him—no one save themselves can positively affirm which, and her nature leaves it open to questions, was in such a condition from her temper, and personal magnetism, and half insanity of love and hate, that she claims to possess this strange hypnotic power, and behaved altogether like a mad woman."

"No doubt of it," Hastings corroborated.

"In this condition," continued Graham, slowly, "she is not responsible for her words or actions. She claims that she is, excepting so far as an earthly spirit is free when guided by some spirit from some world of evil. Now that's all simple bosh, my dear Hastings. The woman is as thoroughly insane as any inmate of any asylum in the country."

"Yes," agreed Hastings; "I always thought that she would be, Jack."

"She is," said Jack, positively. "I intend to prove it. I can prove it."

"But what has this to do with solving the cause of Price's illness?" queried Hastings, suddenly turning the conversation back to its original channel. "It's all very interesting, especially to you, man of science, to trace out the future of ceri ain natures, given certain characteristics, but to me common-place fact is much more exciting."

"This has everything to do with our case," was Dr. Graham's cool reply. "This woman affirms that her brother used undue influence to gain her disinheritance, and that her brother should also answer for the death of their father in order to possess his wealth. Some one must know Price and who do not know that she had squandered her fortune believe this story. As to her accusation against Price, none but a mad person would make the charge.

"Now, Tom Hastings, are your mental eyes clear enough to see the meaning of all this? Either—I will put it plainly to you—either this tiger-woman intends to get her brother's wealth in some desperate manner—for he has made no will and his fortune would revert to her at his death, or—and here is the hard point—Price himself inherited this peculiar half-taint of insanity to such an extent as to use a deadly drug to excess instead of merely intoxication. This is what we have to prove."

"Prove, Jack!" cried Hastings, excitedly, leaning nearer his friend. "How under the canopy are you going to prove it?"

"Through a woman, Tom."

"What woman?"

"Mrs. Carmichael!"

CHAPTER XIV.

VIGILANT.

Yet, I doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.—*Locksley Hall.*

For a full minute Tom Hastings' eyes rested in the quiet eyes of Dr. Graham. The eyes of each betrayed most perfect comprehension of much that was left unsaid.

"Look here, Jack," Hastings said presently; "this is a mighty crooked sort of business, anyway, it seems to me."

"Yes," replied Graham, calmly.

"And it's going to take more than merely a woman to fathom."

"You think so, Tom?" queried Graham, coolly, and her indirectly.

"I know so," retorted Tom, with supreme conviction. "Mrs. Carmichael may be an excellent nurse—

"She is," in rupted the doctor, without a shadow of haste, yet with the same supreme convi tion.

"Ah, of course, nurses are important factors in a sick room," added Tom, emphatically.

"Yes," Graham again supplemented.

"But when it comes down to detective work and that, you know—"

"Yes," said Graham, quietly, "I do know, Tom; and I also know there is no reason why such work should not safely be intrusted to merely a woman, as you so scornfully suggest. The instinct, the tact, quick wit—whatever you call it—that places a woman on guard at a word or expression or movement, that does set her far ahead of a man for fine watching work, and there is no reason why we should not employ such—if it were needed."

For an instant Hastings was nonplussed. His face fell.

"I thought you said plainly enough that it is to the nurse we are to look for full proofs of this case, Graham," he said, in some indignation.

"Well," replied Graham, a sudden contraction in his eyes, a slight movement of his slim, muscular hands, as of remonstrance, "and what then, Tom? I trust Mrs. Carmichael to use to perform any duties required of her. What these duties are only time will show."

"And I think that it is decidedly disloyal," Hastings added in a heat, "to insinuate that Price was a victi of drug of his own free will. It isn't like him."

"I am also his physician, Tom," Graham answered, steadily. "I must solve this problem, which may end disastrously. If he takes the stuff at his own volition, that is one thing; if it is administered to him, that is quite another."

"Quite," agreed Hastings, sententiously.

"Consequently, it is this that we must prove, Tom," said the doctor, as Hastings rose and took up his hat, which he had tossed upon a chair on his entrance, and stood uncertainly twirling it round and round upon one hand.

"Of course, you have no doubt of succeeding, Graham," he said, with a short laugh. "Having such intense faith in this woman, you leave the thing entirely in her hands!"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Graham, smiling, and he laid one hand on his friend's shoulder, his eyes upon the disquieted face. "I have faith in the nurse, Tom—perfect faith; but I expect you to look out for the poor fellow, too. I leave a great deal in the hands of the nurse in order not to weaken Price's wholesome tone much; but, of course, we shall need your co-operation. I am sure that we can depend upon you."

Hasting's face lightened more and more at his words. When he finished, he shook his hold from his shoulder, grasping his hand instead. For Tom Hastings possessed a warm, generous heart.

"All right, Jack," he said; "you may count upon me for anything. We'll adopt Vigilance for our motto and wait. Something is sure to come."

Graham laughed. He thoroughly understood this friend.

"That's well, Tom," he replied. "We will see it through, and safely through, if we can."

And these last words lingered longest in Tom Hastings' memory as he left the doctor's office.

"But, after all, Graham is one of the best of fellows," he assured himself, as he rode out of the gateway and turned the mare's head toward home. "I'd just like to ask him how he found out all this, but I would give a good deal to know. Some queer work in that, of course, connected with the nurse—and I presume that we shall be enlightened when the time arrives."

Such was undoubtedly the case, but occasion ally the time is long in arriving. Dr. Graham remained with the patient that night, and Mrs. Carmichael, the nurse, slept in the room adjoining, where she could be readily called if there were need of her services.

The following day the patient was allowed to dress and occupy the lounging chair in one of the windows. It was astonishing how much he had improved in appearance within the last twenty-four hours; but his physician refused to allow exertion or removal from the room.

The physicians—one from New York, the other from the town, both men who stood high in their profession—were called in consultation with Dr. Graham regarding Lee Price's strange malady. Graham used his utmost persuasion to bide and, for Price vaguely refused at first to listen to any such absurd proposition; but Dr. Graham possessed remarkable persuasive powers, and this patient yielded to his wish, as his patients generally did do.

Dr. Wright, the physician from the city, was met by Dr. Graham in his carriage, and they drove together to Bachelor's Beatitude, on the morning of the second day.

Farewell, the physician from the town, met them at the house, and the matter was arranged so quietly that no one, save Graham and Hastings, knew for what the men had come.

"Graham has such a big practice I suppose he's going to turn a part of his house into Farewell, suggested Morgan, sarcastically, as he and Newton and Mayhew were discussing the visitors as they strolled about the stables and carriage.

Burnside was exercising in a shell on the river, and Curtis was employed with his canvas.

"I should think that he would pass it on to Hutchinson instead, though. It isn't just fair to his association, in my opinion, to do that."

What passed beyond the closed doors of the sick room was as inscrutable to all, save those assembled there, as were the mysteries of a secret chamber.

For two hours they were close shut in that room. It was a difficult case to diagnose, and yet to the three physicians there was but one conclusion that could be proved correct only by patient waiting. Price insisted upon knowing their opinion, but they allowed no other information, as silence, they agreed, was best, until such time as it was deemed prudent or well to break it. Even the instructions for the nurse were of the simplest.

"Plenty of air, Mrs. Carmichael," Graham said, calling her into the inner room as the other physicians were talking with Price. "Let his guests come in, and such other friends as you think wise to admit—I trust you for that—but let the household think that none—not even Mrs. Leonard—Mrs. Eatabrook may sit with him at times, but only when there are others present. This will relieve you through the day, but the night-watch will devolve entirely upon you. Besides this, I trust to you to prepare and serve his meals. Don't let him go outside the room until I give leave to do so, and keep him in this manner as long as is necessary. You comprehend? Remember the importance of such details as I gave you yesterday. If you find one, send for me; otherwise I shall call once every day. I trust, you implicitly, and I shall leave much to you."

Dr. Graham's smile, when he chose, was most winning and pleasant to see. Just now he evidently chose to win this gentle nurse's good will, for his smile down into the quiet face and bright eyes was wonderfully charming, and Mrs. Carmichael involuntarily smiled back as she gave him her assurance of faithfulness.

"Everything that is possible for a nurse or a woman to do shall be done in this case, Dr. Graham," she said, in her pretty voice. The light from the high window streamed upon her hair, making of it shimmering silver bands about her gentle face, lighted by the brilliant dark eyes. "I fear that Mr. Hastings thinks it is little a woman can do, but I shall be like the serpent and dove—very wise and very harmless. Already I have learned something. My eyes were not yet clear, I fear, at first."

"What have you discovered?" queried Graham, a light upon his face. The elderly nurse was "merely a woman," perhaps, Tom said, but already she had made use of her position. Already she had led—something.

Mrs. Carmichael smiled. Mrs. Carmichael's smile, like Dr. Graham's, was delightful at times.

"It is very little," she said, "truly, doctor. Scarcely worth of expression to a man who desires strong words and positive proofs. It did no more even with me than to set me thinking—of possibilities."

"And these, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"The possibilities of great events evolving from a glance from one pair of eyes to another and meeting lips without speaking a word. That is all, doctor. You see how little it is and perhaps utterly insignificant."

She smiled once more, and was turning away, but he detained her, his hand upon her arm.

"I think that it may be more than it seems, Mrs. Carmichael," he said, gravely. He distinctly remembered such a glance which he witnessed in the adjoining room. This woman's perception, though merely a knowledge of the trick of eyes and lips, might follow in the train of his own thought. "Where and between whom was this silent conversation, and what were your suspicions?"

"You can scarcely call it suspicion," said Mrs. Carmichael, quietly. "I should not call it that. But this morning as I left Mr. Price's room to prepare his breakfast, moving as noiselessly as possible, as one should about a house, from the upper stairs—I saw Emma and Conyers in the lower hall. They were passing through the hall, Emma to the dining-room and Conyers to the stairs. It is very simple and may mean nothing, but the glance that passed between them—terrified, shy, on her part and warning upon his, his lips parting as though he would speak and dared not—that is all. It may mean nothing. I have watched them closely, and this coincides with my first impression—and I have told you. You must draw your own inference."

Graham's eyes were keenly bent upon hers. He smiled a he paused.

"I understand," he said. "You have done well so far, Mrs. Carmichael. I trust that you will have more to tell me when next I come."

Graham passed to the outer room, and, with the other physicians, bade the patient good-day, passed out, leaving the nurse to resume her duties overall after noon, when Mayhew and Mrs. Eatabrook were allowed to go up and sit with their host for a couple of hours. Burnside and Morgan were upon the water and Curtis was painting, Newton somewhere about the grounds, and Hastings in his room.

The three were quietly pleased at meeting, the guests mingling regrets for his illness and good wishes for his recovery, and Price, laughing, assuring them that he would be about in "no time" under the care of his nurse.

"Of course, you haven't read the latest novel, Lee," Mayhew said, after a long discussion of the news of the day and when Mrs. Eatabrook had gone down again to the piazza. He pulled a paper-covered novel from one of his pockets and ran over the pages, rustling them in his hands.

"I suppose the M. D.'s and the nurse wouldn't allow you to excite yourself over novels or anything, but this is the thing in the line of romancing line that you ever heard! Making no end of a sensation, too. I began it last night about nine o'clock and sat up to finish it. Simply couldn't leave it, you know! Fascinating is no word for it! It's immense! Overdrawn in parts, of course, with blue lights and red twilight and that, purely imaginary, some critics say, but it struck me as being much more than that. Who is it by? Pulling, of course. What other writer of ours gives us such amazing romances? And the title itself is enough to waken one's curiosity. Here it is, anonymously issued in gray covers with dashes of red upon it!"

Neither of them knew that the nurse in the inner room upon the couch by the window was sitting upright and listening intently. Her eyes were like stars from under the soft silvery hair, but her lips were set like a thin thread of red. Her breath was coming and quiving quickly, too, unlike the calm, self-contained, controlling nurse.

"The title!" Mayhew was turning back to the title-page, a laugh upon his lips. "It's an amazingly good title, let me tell you, and gives perfectly the contents of the book. What could be more suggestive of the ghastly gray of life with the stains of tragedy upon it as this cover denotes, than—The Drama of a Life!"

CHAPTER XV.

A ROLL OF WHEELS.

Laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast.—*Whittier.*

Mrs. Carmichael was remarkably affected by this conversation on literature, and could not compose herself to sleep, try as she would. She knew that she should rest during the day, in order to be fit for her night duties, but this the cushions and pondered upon it.

"I shall read the book," she said to herself, resolutely closing her eyes for sleep. "One cannot justly judge of a book from another's criticism. Besides, Mr. Mayhew's graphic description may be overdrawn, and I should not allow it to affect me. A staid old woman like myself should have outgrown excitement over a novel."

But sleep would not come at her command, even if the bright dark eyes would remain resolutely closed under white lids, and Mrs. Carmichael learned for herself what it is for a patient to suffer from insomnia, in spite of strong will or strong potions.

"I shall send Jim for the book to-night," she said convincingly. "He will go for me. Jim will do anything for a smile or kind word. Then no one in the house need know that the master's nurse is given to novel reading during her hours of duty. Should I ask Mr. Mayhew to lend his to me, he would, of course, tell the others, and Mrs. Carmichael might be the subject of unpleasant surmises. I shall send Jim. Any book store in town should have such a popular book."

And with this firm conclusion, Mrs. Carmichael said to himself that she would sleep, and she did.

When she awoke, twilight was upon the world, the murmur of voices in the outer room had ceased; and as she hurriedly rose, going to the door between the rooms to see that all was well, she found her patient alone and quietly sleeping. Noiselessly crossing the room she pulled the bell and passing outside the door, waited in the hall for the answer to her summons.

Emma replied at once as she had orders to do when the bell in the master's room should ring, and Mrs. Carmichael requested her to send Jim up as soon as was possible.

Mrs. Carmichael's voice was at its very softest and prettiest in address ing the girl, but Emma kept her eyes in a fit of shyness upon the floor, nervously fingering her apron. Mrs. Carmichael's eyes, too, were very gentle but exceedingly bright resting upon the girl, and a peculiar smile lurked about her lips.

"Yes, ma'am," Emma said, in reply to this order for Jim; "I'll send him up right away if he can come. He's pretty busy just now."

"Don't send him up until he can spare the time," said Mrs. Carmichael. "I can wait."

"He'll come as soon as he can, I know, ma'am," replied the girl, turning away as though it were an intense relief to get away from this quiet woman's presence. "The master is better, I hope, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Carmichael, sweetly, without giving her the desired information regarding the condition of the master. "Don't fail to send Jim as soon as he can come, Emma."

"Yes, ma'am," said Emma, as the nurse re entered the room to wait for Jim.

The boy came after a few minutes and willingly undertook Mrs. Carmichael's errand, and as Mrs. Carmichael heard his steps upon the stairs—unmistakably clumsy Jim's—she went out to meet him as she met every one who came to the room.

As he went away after receiving the written

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

order for the book and the money to pay for it, he inquired timidly as to the master's health, adding an awkward hope that he was better.

"He is just the same, Jim," Mrs. Carmichael replied, gently, admitting much more to him than to the girl.

As she sat at the window in the inner room, from which she could command a view of the immediate vicinity of the bed in the outer room, and also a wide sweep of the road and a sweep of the drive through the trees and shrubbery, she was arguing many things to herself, and endeavoring to solve a most trying and complex problem. She felt that she possessed the key to the correct solution, and yet, before this could be of practical use, she must arrive at some tangible truth that could be used in connection with the key.

The evening was beautiful, and Mrs Carmichael found much to soothe if not to convince her in the quiet water, purple dark under the heavens, throbbing with living worlds of light, and the fragrance of shrubs and rose and late piazza vines stole subtly to her like the odors of a dream.

"Life isn't so bad after all," she murmured, smiling to herself, "even taking into account the bitterness of its drama."

And folding her hands in recovered calmness she waited for Jim's return with the novel she would read that very night while her patient slept, and the keys turned in the locks made impossible any entrance save by a room save by that one door facing this window, and full in her view, leading from the hall. This, by order of the physician, was never locked. Day and night it was free to any one who should wish to enter. But few entered.

Mrs. Estabrook, with the guests of her nephew, were upon the piazza just under his window, and the low murmurs of their conversation and stifled occasional laughter together with the drift of cigar smoke, came drolcerly to the watcher in the silent, darkened room.

The shaded light, set behind the patient's bed, and beyond his sight, left still a hint of soft shadow about the room, save directly across that portion of the room within range of the outer door. The inner room, where the nurse was sitting, was entirely in shadow.

It was close upon nine o'clock when Jim returned from his errand, for he had much to do upon the place before he could go, and as it was a long walk from the town to the island esta e of Bachelors' Beatitude, Mrs. Carmichael had two hours to wait for her novel; but Mrs. Carmichael was accustomed to waiting, and showed no trace of impatience.

Price roused once or twice during the earlier part of the night, and the nurse was with him immediately; but his exhaustion was so complete from the severity of his illness, and the physician's drugs were so potent, that he slept much of the time. As much sleep would be well, the physician had said, the nurse was satisfied.

"You are such a delightful nurse, Mrs. Carmichael," Price said, upon one of these occasions of wakefulness. "I do absolutely nothing because I know that you take such good care of me."

"As any one should," was the quiet reply, as the nurse brushed softly back the dark hair from his forehead, after smoothing and rearranging the pillows and covering about him.

Then, after a few moments of wakeful silence, the young man drifted back to sleep, and the nurse returned to her patient waiting for her messenger.

He came at last, bringing the desired book, and after thanking him for his faithfulness with more than words or smiles, Mrs. Carmichael arranged herself in a low, cushioned chair near the light beyond the bed, yet still within range of that outer unlocked door, and opened the book. Her position was within view of the door, and within hearing of outer sounds and sounds came to her from that wide window of her inner room.

The novel was intensely interesting. She was assured that such would prove the case, knowing the author's power of description and plot, when she ordered the book. The title itself recommended it to her, as Blaylock stated was the case with all, and after the first few opening pages, it became more than a mere novel, more than delineation of fiction or character, much more than even she had expected.

Ou h or slipped by, tick d away by the tiny hands of the clock upon the mantel. Another hour, second by second, accumulating to minutes, growing to the full hour, followed the first. Silence was over the house, over the grounds. Not a sound stirred the outer stillness, save the guttural cry of some uneasy bird in the trees near the windows, or the o casional break of a longer wave upon the beach. No sound was in the sick-room, save the quiet breathing of the sleeper and the hushed rustle of paper as the reader turned a page.

Mrs Carmichael's face was a study as she read the book. She was a perfect reader for every character, and every scene came vividly before her mental vision as though it were life spread before her eyes. So it was that the hours slip ed by without her notice, and no subtly penetrating outer sound of night disturbed her. Life itself was in the pages of her book, and it was real life to her.

But by and by, as the third hour was creeping away and that strange sense of loneliness and solemnity, that lives at midnight when one is the sole waking object in a house, c ame upon her even in the midst of this sensational romance she became uneasy, the book could no hold her attention, her thoughts would grow confused and her perception somewhat dull. The book was the height of mystery and thrilling with life and love but at last it palled. She laid it down and glanced sha ply around the room. She had a most uncomfortable sensation as though she were being watched by some one whom she could not see.

Her patient was st ll sleeping quietly. He at least had not been watching her. Save themselves there was no one in the room. The door leading to the hall was closed. There was not a closet or wardrobe in the room. There was no place where an unseen watcher could be, excepting upon the upper balcony outside the windows.

The curtains were drawn, and the night was dark, for the new moon had passed beyond the horizon hours before; but Mrs. Carmichael laid aside her novel and rose, determined to put an end to this uncomfortable sensation. There was but one way to do this, and that was to cross the windows, directly in line with the light along the floor, and investigate the dark balcony.

She did not increase the inner light, for that would probably waken her patient, but she must summon her nerve and go at once. The book had roused every faculty to an intense degree; mystery and plotted murder were blended in her mind with that soft lace drapery at the long windows and the midnight-hidden balcony beyond. This required more bravery than many would believe, who had passed through no such trying scene.

Mrs. Carmichael was pale from suppressed excitement, but she would not be daunted. If anyone were watching her from the night's darkness she would soon discover. If not, she could laugh at her fears and conquer any that should rise during the hours that must elapse before dawn scattered fancies.

She crossed directly and swiftly to the nearest window and pulled aside the drapery. A breath of fuller air strong with salt from the water and mingle d with the dew-laden garden odors struck upon her fa e startlingly. The inner light fell across the balcony. Nothing was there.

She passed to the other window with more assurance now, half laughing at her fancy and, tossing the curtains noiselessly aside over the back of a chair, stepped boldly out. Was there nothing here!

She started and caught at the window-casing to steady herself. The rustle of soft garments upon the balcony steps that led down to the lawn. The muffled tiptoe of light boots upon the boards! Then perfect silence, broken only by the croak of a bird overhead!

Like a statue, Mrs. Carmichael stood just withdrawn from the light at one side of the window. Then, listening intently, she heard far off toward the gateway, faint and scarcely perceptible, the muffled roll of wheels across the meadow road!

(To be Continued.)

Sohmer Pianos.

The popularity of these delightful instruments is instanced by the fact that there are now a very large number of them in the houses of leading musicians of Toronto. A great many are Parlor, Baby and Bijou Grands, for which the Sohmer Company is so justly celebrated. To hear the tone is to be charmed. Messrs. A. T. Button & Co., 107 Yonge street, are the sole representatives and are also agents for the renowned New York Weber and the popular Uxbridge Pianos.

Professor Coacher, the Dramatic Instructor, and his Amateur Pupil.

"Remember, madam, you must suit the action to the word—try to imitate me. Now, in giving a haughty command, for example—'Wretch, leave the room!'"

"Fear is expressed thus—'Ha! I hear a step—some one is coming—I shall be discovered!'"

"To indicate despair, you would do this way—'Lost! Lost! Nothing is now left me but the grave!'"

"Gayety and high spirits must be shown by skipping about, so—'Ha, ha!—how happy I am—I could dance all day!'"

"Passionate entreaty is delineated like this—'Heaven, do not leave me in this heartless manner!'"

The Professor gives a life-like portrayal of extreme astonishment. "Well, I'll be darned!—what did she skip for, I wonder!"

The Indigestible Note

A Prussian army officer, stationed at Fort frequently had occasion to borrow money from an accommodating Israelitish friend, who only charged three or four per cent. a month. As a general thing, the officer, Baron von Pump, was able to meet his obligations, but on the occasion to which we allude he was not in a po-ition to do so.

Moses Levy was promptly on hand to collect the money. He called on the Baron von Pump in his room and pre-ented the note.

"Moses," said the Baron, "I am not able to meet my notes, but I have no money to pay this one. You will have to wait."

"I don't wait at all," Yen you don't pay dot note right away, I goes and prings dot note a shustas of der peace pefore, and sues you onder spot."

Baron von Pump quietly locked the door and put the key in his pocket, whereupon Moses' legs began to wabble about, and his eyes to protrude with anxiety, for he was afraid of personal violence at the hands of his creditor.

The baron produced a pistol, and focussed the unhappy Israelite.

"Now, Mr. Judas Iscariot, you take that note of mine and eat it."

"Scheneral, I vas shoost joking mit you: I can vait so long as you vants."

"I can take a joke as well as anybody, and now it is your turn to take a joke. Chew up that note and swallow it, or you are a dead man," said the officer, and he pres d lightly on the trigger.

In vain did Moses protest that he didn't feel like eating, and that te was in no hurry for his money.

"Down with it!" thundered the officer.

Although Moses was in no danger of perishing for lack of food, he clearly perceived that he might prolong his life by the collation to which he was so cordially invited. He chewed up the note, principal and interest, and cranking out his neck he managed to get it down.

"Now you can go and bring suit on that note if you fee l like it. Perhaps the clerk of the court will put you on file if you tell him where the note is," said Baron von Pump.

A few days afterwards the baron received some money from home, with which he promptly paid Moses what was due to him.

"Scheneral," said the Israelite as he counted der monies, shust come to your old friend Moses Levy, who vill never go pack on you."

"All right, Moses. Next time I need money I'll let you know."

Not long afterward Baron von Pump needed money, and notified Moses to bring the desired amount to his room. Having counted over the money, the officer took a sheet of paper and began to write out his note for the amount at ninety days.

"If you please, scheneral, shust put that right away. I vould not have dot."

From under his coat he drew forth a huge cake of gingerbread and held it toward the baron.

"Now you shust write dot note out on dot gingerbread, so von I has to eat him I again, vill not suffer so mooch as I did ven I schwallowed dot oder note."

Fresh and Vigorous.

On a fine morning and a fine road, what is more invigorating than a spin on a 'cycle. When it comes to a race, the suggestion of Mr. George Phillips, Sec. Leinster Cycling Club, Dublin, Ireland, has force: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil an invaluable remedy for strains and bruises, and so have several members of our club." This ought to be borne in mind.

Look Out For the Farmer.

Tough - I tried the bunco game on a Kansas farmer yesterday.

Another Tough—How did you come out?

Tough—He got my dollar and a half.

"I have traveled over the entire United States in my official capacity as commissioner of The Societe Medicale of Paris, in search of the best locality for a sanitarium for consumptives, and after long deliberation reported upon this country (New Mexico) in the vicinity of Las Cruces." A. PETIN, M. D., L. C. P., France.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphcrlogical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editors time by writing reminders and requests for back studies. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4 Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LADY HOPEFUL.—You did not enclose coupon. See rules.

ECHELA.—See rules. From the few words with your quotation I gather that you are self-willed and outspoken, but probably refined andcultured; kifty ambition, erratic impulse and imagination are also shown, but the study is necessarily imperfect.

NEWMAN NOGGS.—Persistent energy, impulse, humour, ambition, an uneasy temper, hope, mobility, some perseveration, attention to detail, love of beauty, some reserve, and a little bit of love for money, is what I find in your twelve words; I don't think one hundred would give me more.

lacking in reserve and judgment. You do not strive after perfect work so much as after a good impression. You want persevering effort, consistency and dignity and greater care for details. It is a strong, illiadic, imaginative and promising nature, q ite well worth bringing nearer perfection.

D. T. G. W.—1. Your letter, though addressed to someone not connected with this paper, shall receive attention. Writing shows lofty ambition, hope, ideality, love of fun, good energy, a level head. You would probably be popular and deserving of the good opinion of your friends. A little self-consciousness mars a very pleasant study.

SALLY FIRE-FLY.—Writing shows imagination, impulsive feeling, rather an impatient and reckless nature, generally prudent in speech, however; the judgment is good, when not warped by prejudice, which is sometimes strong; writer is generous, but not self-sacrificing, and is fond of adventure and amusement.

NEMO.—1. Yes, a gentleman should put "Mr." on his calling cards. 2. Writing shows prudence and judgment, some social impulse, ambition and probably success. Writer is rather prone to pick his fruit before it is ripe, but shows great energy, artistic taste, a sympathetic nature and great capacity of affection. Does not despise little things and is orderly and neat.

LION.—1. Writing shows great ambition, hope and energy, decided love of beauty and art, some tact and cleverness, persistent effort, sympathy, some reserve and of humour. Writer has adaptability and should succeed in whatever he puts his mind to 2. Both ll needs intuitive perception, decision, sympathy and above all careful and continued study.

C NOMAD.—The music of the song is unpublished. It is invented by Mr. Joyce. Writing shows facility, candor, perseverance, order, rather a matter of fact nature and not prone to waste love or money. Would not belong a secret in any circumstances, lacks hope and delicacy of perception Has original methods and would be very tenacious of his own way.

MARGARET.—Please read Francesca's delineation. You should be her twin sister, except that you do not possess her overplus of idealism, and you are more independent and self-assertive. They are two wonderful studies, so h as make a graphologist wink. I think you would be less likely to betray your love on an unworthy object than Francesca, because you have a greater opinion of yourself than she possesses.

CONSTANT.—This is a strong, ambitious, self-willed and rather independent character. Writing shows hope and almost secretive. Makes a good beginning though sometimes flags before the end. Is persistent and determined when energy is failing, probably hard to persuade and rather fond of an argument. Has some tact and would be able to adapt himself to circumstances. A capital hand and should belong to a well-ordered character. At the same time lacks sympathy and refinement.

DAGMAR.—1 Good perseverance, ambition, sympathetic feeling, love of conversation, also of creature comforts good temper, generosity and energetic strength are in this study. 2 I liked the book immensely, as I do all of his, but then I love the sea so much that sea stories are always attractive to me. 3 Hamilton is certainly pretty, though rather hot for a summer residence. However, your sojourn was in the pleasantest part of the city, and the past season was deliciously temperate.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.—Writing shows ideality, originality, strong will and impulsive feeling. Writer while generally amiable and gentle has cranks which are his or her hobbies and on which touchiness is developed; A trace of affectation is shown in the tackhanded writing, but is redeemed by the generally strong lines. Writer is tenacious and holds well to his own, has sense of beauty though not intuitive perception. A good capable hand, the father of man or woman, with sense of humor and strong social instincts.

ALBERT W.—Good observation and some perceptive ability, a contented and conscientious spirit, a love of social intercourse, some imagination, a capital temper, well considered, though decidedly irritable on occasion; rather an over generous nature nature, though far-seeing and cautious, as well as desirous of perfection in details. Writing is not very bouyant, perhaps it gets its things away, so far as his affairs and feelings are concerned; has plenty of energy and likes to work his own way; a splendid hand and should be successful.

DOTTIE DIMPLE—1. It is impossible to answer you out of your turn, unless your questions are important. 2. The enclosed lock of hair is pale brown—very beautiful in color and texture; if the owner's complexion is very, very fair and delicate, with grey eyes and this perfect hair, she should come in the category of blondes. 3. Your writing shows refinement, great sensitivity of temper, great tenacity; there is lack of hope and adaptability, but writer is neat and orderly and generally careful of details; lacks imagination and ambition, but is very persevering and probably successful.

FRANCESKA.—1. This writing shows a very peculiar temperament, imaginative and inclined to a degree, yet fond of creature comforts, prone to despond, fond of home, and with great capabilities of devotion, ready to be enthusiastic and, if religious, to go to emotional lengths that will throw common sense to the winds; a strong sense of duty, a like will, a truthful, but not assertive, nature; a woman who could love devotedly, even to her own disadvantage and annihilation, and who would be able to command affection from the noblest natures. 2. I cannot; they generally require different treatment to the one you mention, as they proceed from various causes.

BRUCE.—1. My name is not Kit, nor yet my *nom de plume*. The clever writer who adorns it is some way off. 2 Take what you can get, and better yourself as time goes by. 3. Depends on you and on the young man. Perhaps it would give him a light opinion of you. 4. If you can't treat a person in a friendly way on account of your unreturned affection for him you had better refrain from treating him at all. If he cares for you that will rouse him to action, if he does not the less you see of him the better. I am truly glad that you enjoy our paper in your foreign home. 5. Your writing shows an idealistic but not a weak nature, full of impulsive feeling and rather

MAUDE.—1. I am sorry, my priesty friend, that your photo cannot be delineated in this column. I should have returned it long ago, but it got mislaid. 2. Your writing shows good energy, great perseverance and amiability. It slightly lacks in determination and decision, but judging from your photo Marie has yet time to develop both. You are companionable, but not bouyant and your mind moves in a deliberate way. I think you are affectionate, and though you sometimes neglect little things and miss the point of a joke, you are far from obtuse. Please tell the middle lady of the group that she is such an old friend of mine I was quite loath to send her picture away.

SIDNEY DAY.—That is as near as I can come to your signature. Sorry your letter was so long unanswered. Your writing, which though peculiar, is not bad, shows refinement and gentleness, with decided self-will and rather high ideas of what is right. I should be surprised if you did a mean or unworthy action. You are very conversational and not always capable of keeping a secret. Your writing lacks hope, buoyancy and ambition, but is temperate and reliable and you do not despise the day of small things. I should be better pleased with you if you were more optimistic and not so easily discouraged, but someone will find these lacks admirable, I have no doubt, only don't degenerate into a chronic grumbler.

ROSE.—Your writing lacks power and judgment. There is much wasted effort and misplaced energy. Writer is warm-hearted, hasty, imaginative, honest and, strange to say, prudent and close-mouthed, perhaps inclinedto may account for writer appearing "hard and cold" when really the very reverse. At times I find traces of bursts of confidence, which spring from nervous anxiety to receive sympathy. Writer sadly lacks tact and, has little love of beauty, but the taste is probably correct. 2. The chief traits in your character are good, but you won't get credit for them unless you show them to better advantage. I see nothing to prevent you from filling a position of trust, though for the management of men and women I am afraid you are not determined or sympathetic enough.

MEFANEY.—1. If a man has asked you to marry him and you have said "No" I should say that was the end of it. However, if you have changed your mind and would like him to know it I should say the simplest way to convey the information would be to tell him yourself. Then, if he also has changed his mind no one will know of your rebuff but yourself, and judging from your writing you will not die of the shock. 2. For the cure of your unpleasant habit of speaking too frankly when you are put out, you might make a rule of silence under those circumstances No half measures will do for a person of your nature. 3 Your writing shows self-consciousness, temper, love of effect, self-will, determination, energy, some wit, ambition and impulse. It lacks discipline, refinement and gentleness. You should try and cultivate deliberate thought and action and by all means curb your erratic impulse, which without being in any way bad may bring you into a good deal of misery. You are able to do this, I am quite sure, if you put self aside and make a small sacrifice for yourself and others' good.

A Question of Knowledge

Her Adorer—May I marry your daughter, sir?

Her Father—What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off.

Her Adorer—No, perhaps not; but I know when you're well off.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Webster's great dictionary, 250 of them for $1.84 each—no student should miss the chance. A great purchase of Agate Ironware. One dollar buys as much as two dollars as heretofore sold. Hinged and well guarded Lanterns 39c., worth 75c. Mrs. Potts' Irons 84c.; extra handles 23c. Ebony Stove Polish, finest ever made, 6 oz. bottles 10c., usually 15c. Acme Shoe Dressing 19c.; Negro Shoe Dressing 10c.; Zip Top, best for ladies' fine shoes, 10c. Pearl Buttons for 5c. doz., worth 10c. Closing these beautiful oil splashes 5c., worth 25c. The best display of Lamps we ever had, 25c., usually 40; 69c., cheap for $1.25; 98c., cheap for $2; a dozen other values. Coal Scuttles, beauties, and strong—medium size, 19c; large, 24c; large, funnelled, 35c; extra heavy galvanized, 50c. each up. A complete show of Doll Carriages at most popular prices. Beauties in High Chairs, Large Chairs and Rockers for dolls, 21c., worth 40c. Do not neglect our closing-up sale of 3,000 Albums much less than half you ever saw them before. Open evenings. Come and see.

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A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of Substitutions and Imitations.

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CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

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DUNN'S DELICIOUS CUSTARD CUSTARD IN FIVE MINUTES POWDER

SUPPLIES A DAILY LUXURY.

Music.

ON Saturday afternoon I spent a Night in Venice, so to speak, and a most charming night it was. The Tillotson Opera Company played Johann Strauss' comic opera of that name. The music is very pretty, but its rhythm palls on one towards the end of the opera. It is almost all waltz music, the exceptions being in polka time. Still, it is bright and full of sparkle. Of the orchestration it is not easy to speak, the meagre orchestra showing so many gaps. The performers were all good. Miss Helen Lamont, who has gained perceptibly in weight since she was here last, is the Anina of the opera, and makes a very charming fisher girl. She knows her business thoroughly and sings with commendable care, her performance being artistic and finished in detail. Miss Jessie Villars is a soubrette who, on this occasion, I believe, made her first visit to this city, and is a host in herself. As Ciboletta she was bright, effervescent and exuberant, reminding one of Rosina Vokes. Although suffering from a sprained ankle, she hopped about, and never missed a point, nay I believe she made capital out of the injured member. Mr. Thomas H. Persse, a Toronto boy, played Caramello, the intriguing barber. He sang excellently, displaying a fine *mezzo voce*. The Pappacoda of Mr. Joseph S. Greenfelder was another excellent rendition. The chorus was young, good-looking, well trained and nicely costumed, so what more could be wished for? The dove sextette was a beautiful effect, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Monday evening gave us one of the most artistic little enterta'nments ever given in the city. This was the recital in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital, in which Miss M. Irene Gurney, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and Mr. Douglas Bird took part. I was more than pleased with Miss Gurney's playing. It shows great improvement since last year, more individuality, and a greater rounding out of conception. In the Sonata for violin and piano she played in a manner that gave to her instrument its correct importance, while thoroughly considerate of the other. The little programme pieces by Edvard Grieg were gems in themselves, and received a delightful rendition at her hands. Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson played excellently in the sonata. Dignity, tone, execution, all were present. In the Raff Cavatina she was not so fortunate, tone and intonation being a little "shy" in the opening, but in the Wieniawski Mazurka she regained her equipoise. This number she played with dainty elegance. Mr. Bird was in good voice and sang to the delight of the audience, but oh! please drop those portamentos. Mrs. Blight, owing to a death in her family, was prevented from being present, and Mr. F. H. Torrington took good care of the accompaniments.

A large audience occupied the Central Methodist church on Monday evening, when a sacred concert was given by the choir, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, organist of the church. An excellent programme was carried out to the great pleasure of all present. The performers were Rev. Theo. Parr, elocutionist; Miss Ida Hatch, soprano; Miss Coulter, contralto; and Mr. R. G. Kirby, baritone. Several anthems were sung by the choir with great taste and judgment.

On Tuesday evening Messrs. Farwell & Glendon will give another of their popular recitals, invitations for which are now out. Arrangements have been made by which the comfort of their visitors will be much enhanced. The performers are Mrs G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. W. A. Thompson, Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. D. E. Cameron, Mr. Harold Jarvis, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, a catalogue which promises a most pleasant evening.

Among the celebrities to be here this season are Herr Alfred Gruenfeld and his brother Heinrich, the celebrated German pianist and violincellist. They will give a concert here in January.

A very enjoyable little concert was given on Tuesday evening, at St. Peter's school-house, when Miss Alice McGill, Miss Mildred Woolryche, Miss Alice Little, Mr. Robert Mahr, and Mr. Paul Jarvis took part.

The date of Mr. Frederic Boscovitz' first lecture-concert has been changed to Monday, Nov. 16, when, judging by the subscription list, the public hall of the Education Department will contain an ultrafashionable audience. Mr. Boscovitz has been successful in making these entertainments both popular and interesting, and has had large audiences in the United States and Europe wherever he has given them.

On Wednesday evening a concert in aid of the German Lutheran church will be given at the warerooms of Messrs. Heintzman & Co. The performers will be Miss Kleiser, Mr. Robert Mahr, Mr. E. W. Schuch, and Mr. G. Dinelli.

On Thanksgiving evening two of the churches will give concerts. Elm street Methodist church has Mrs. Fenwick (Maggie Barr), Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss Jessie Alexander, and Mr. and Mrs. Blight. At the Broadway Tabernacle a programme will be delivered by Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Agnes Knox, Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli and Mr. F. Warrington.

Mr. Ernest Mahr, for some time resident in Toronto, is now *en route* with the New York Philharmonic Club, and is, I am glad to see by our exchanges, meeting with gratifying success.

Since writing last week's notice of the "Mercedes" children, who appeared here under the management of Mr. C. A. E. Harris of Montreal, I have gleaned one or two interesting facts concerning these clever youngsters. Their family name is O'Leary. I have sometimes known O'Leary accounted an Italian name, (perhaps it was formerly spelled "Oliri"), but to classify it as Spanish is something new. The *debut* of these young girls in New York was on the occasion of the commencement concert of the New York College of Music, May 12 this year.

Our old friend and townsman, Mr. Joseph Fay, will be here with the Duff Opera Company on November 16. Mr. Fay is now stage manager of the company, The Queen's Mate and Paola being played.

I saw Mr. George Hamilton on Saturday and he tells me that his wife and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan are now on their way eastward. The report that their tour had not been successful was incorrect. The fourteen concerts to be given westward were successful in every respect, but a few additional concerts contemplated on the home journey were abandoned, chiefly owing to the fact that the *entrepreneur* in charge found himself without the necessary time to carry them out.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough gives his second organ recital at All Saints' church at four o'clock this afternoon.

METRONOME.

The Musical Festival.

DEAR METRONOME,—It is a pleasure to notice a continually growing determination on the part of our music-loving public that the festival of 1892 shall in every respect be worthy of the city.

Your correspondent "Chromaticus" seems to have caught the infection as well, and is evidently satisfied that a higher order of things than the "unqualified success" of 1886 is expected and demanded by those who will be called upon to give practical evidence of their interest in the scheme.

The non-committal statement in his first letter to the effect that the work of the orchestra "may or may not" have been of an inferior character has developed into a somewhat timid, but doubtless sincere, admission that serious discrepancies actually existed. This is but an indication of the general awakening on the part of our citizens to the true facts in connection with the first festival, and a desire that the experience then gained should not have been in vain. Many of the most energetic supporters of our first venture, while satisfied with the general result as an experiment, would positively decline to lend their time and influence to any scheme which would not, as far as possible, represent the true musical spirit of the city. To close our eyes to certain humiliating incidents in connection with the first festival and to accept the assertion that the general work then done should be accepted as a standard for future occasions, would be as absurd as to tolerate the pretensions that are advanced from time to time to the detriment of real progress in our midst, that we have already attained to a certain high eminence as a musical community, so exalted, in fact, as to invite comparison with Old Country centers!!—not to mention New York, Boston and other American cities which have honestly earned the distinction.

The apparent musical lethargy existing among us, as indicated by the struggles of some of our societies to keep afloat, should not be taken as an evidence of lack of musical taste or enthusiasm among our people. I do not wish to reflect on any existing organization here when I say that a more exact estimate of the musical pulse of the city would be arrived at were the engagement of the Boston Symphony or Seidl Orchestras consummated, and believe with you that this in itself would constitute the greatest musical event in the history of our city.

To encourage the exclusion of such organizations, as has been done, and may be done, from a false idea of patriotism, is to discourage a healthy growth of the divine art among us and the establishing of a standard which shall be both elevating and educating in its influence.

In my first letter no reflection was intended on the work of the festival chorus of 1886, my strictures being confined to the work of the orchestra and its failure, the details of which it would be uncharitable to review now. The reasons advanced for the indifference felt by the best class of our choral singers for oratorio work, had an indirect bearing upon the difficulties in connection with the creation of a chorus for purposes of the festival.

In conclusion, I may say that whoever may be honored by the committee as its choice of conductor for the festival chorus, a scheme such as you have advanced, and which is now admitted as the only acceptable and practical one, may rest assured of the general support of our citizens in the endeavor to make our next festival what we all hope it may be, viz., "an unqualified success."

Yours,
Toronto, Nov. 2, '91 HANDELL.

His Grace

Dodgeworth (after a violent waltz)—How do you like my dancing?

Bell Donough—It reminds me of that the patron saint of the art.

Dodgeworth—Who's that—Terpsichore?

Belle Donough—No; St. Vitus.

All a Mistake.

Smithson—Why has Dillard withdrawn his suit against his wife for a divorce?

Farrar—I think his lawyer told him he couldn't get alimony.

He Had a Choice.

Hired Boy (on a farm)—Kin I go fishin' this afternoon?

Farmer—No; but be a good boy and work hard, 'n' mebbe next week you kin go to a funeral.

Hired Boy—Kin I go to your'n?—*The Epoch.*

At the Authors' Club.

"Does fiction pay?"

"Yes; look how wealthy some of the publishers are."—*The Club.*

A Catching Complaint.

"They say," wrote Nelly, "that poor Miss Hawkins has gone into a decline. Is it so?"

"Yes," replied Billy; "she has. I got some of the decline last night."—*The Club.*

Their Method.

Gotham Citizen—That was a horrible murder last night. Have you locked up the man who committed it?

Policeman—No; but we've locked up twenty people who saw it.

Fashion Note.

Eve was the first dress reformer. She turned over a new leaf in the fall fashions.

Lessons in Etiquette.

How to leave a room—Open the door, place you right foot over the sill, follow it with your left foot and then close the door.

How to accept an invitation for dinner—Eat a slight breakfast and no lunch.

How to decline an invitation to a reception—Say you're sorry, place letter in envelope, stamp and address. Do not forget to mail it.

How to make a present of flowers—Buy them.

How to accept an invitation to drink—Affect a careless air, say you "don't care if you do," and watch the other side of the room while the liquor is being poured. This insures quantity. No mode of declining is in use among society people.

Too Complicated.

Mr. Hayloft—Walter, what's these things, any way?

Walter—Crabs.

Mr. Hayloft—Well, say, wouldn't you jes' ez lief give me a good piece of straight corn beef or suthin' that ain't quite so much tangled up!

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LIMITED

EUGENE O'KEEFE, President and Manager

WIDMER HAWKE, Vice.-Pres. and Asst. Manager

CHARLES HEATH, Sec.-Treasurer.

TORONTO, October 26th, 1891

Messrs. O'Keefe & Co. beg to inform their numerous friends and customers that they have turned their partnership and business into a JOINT STOCK COMPANY, under the name and style of THE O'KEEFE BREWERY COMPANY OF TORONTO, Ltd., and that owing to the increase in their business they have found it necessary to enlarge their premises by placing in their Brewery double plant, which will enable them to turn out double the quantity previously brewed.

Parts of the Old Brewrey will be replaced next summer by a new building (as shown in above cut), which will successfully vie with some of the noted breweries in the United States. The rear portion, containing the New Brewery plant, has just been completed and is in operation.

The change to the JOINT STOCK COMPANY will not alter the Management of the concern, which will be carried on under the personal supervision of Messrs. Eugene O'Keefe and Widmer Hawke, as heretofore.

Soliciting for the new Company a continuance of the favors extended to the old firm by their numerous friends.

We remain, yours truly,
THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Ltd.

NEW MUSIC - NEW DANCE

Have you heard it? Have you seen it?
Do you know it?—the latest craze—
I mean the MUSIC—and the DANCE—
Called the POLKA POLONAISE—
Do you dance it? Would you learn it?
All who dance it speak in praise
Of the MUSIC and the DANCE,
Called the POLKA POLONAISE.
Across the line, in the States,
Dancing teachers money raise,
And they write Prof. Davis:
Send the POLKA POLONAISE.

New dance, new music, perfectly charming, easy to learn. Price 60c. Fully explained. To any address on receipt of price. PROF. J. F. DAVIS, International College of Dancing and Music, 103 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND No. 64

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the

FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER

next at the office of the company, Church Street.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th day of November inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 21st October, 1891.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and others of their favorite choruses, and were immensely amused to hear the phonograph give them back again.

Last Saturday afternoon a football match was played between the staff of the British American Assurance Company and that of the Western Assurance Company, resulting in victory to the former. On Wednesday evening a supper was given at Keachie's to the winning team and friends in honor of the victory. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Geo. Denoon, the popular general agent of the British American, and ample justice was done to the viands, which were of an excellent order. The chairman, in a few well chosen words, complimented the football team upon their good play and also the British Assurance staff generally upon the kind, gentlemanly spirit and good fellowship that characterized all their office relationships to the other. The usual toasts were proposed and responded to with spicy speeches by Messrs. J. J. Higman ("the Commodore"), L. J. McIntyre, H. B. Howson, W. E. Fudger, L. T. Carlisle, J. Parker, E. A. Badenach, J. Walker and T. Maguire. The following gentlemen favored the company with songs: Messrs. Higman, Fairweather, Carlisle, Howson, Taylor, Badenach, McCord and W. G. Parker. The music, songs and speeches tended to keep all in the best possible spirits, and the occasion is one that will recall the most pleasant recollections.

The lady managers of the Protestant Orphans' Home would be grateful to their many friends for contributions for the children's Thanksgiving dinner.

On Thursday evening of last week the new Westminster Presbyterian church held a large congregation on the occasion of a service of song held by the choir under the direction of Mr. A. M. Gorrie, with Miss Marion Ferguson at the organ. Mr. Gorrie has gathered about him an excellent choir with a nice, rich tone and very good execution, and deserves credit for the good work done in the short time he has had charge. The soloists were Miss Minnie Bauld, Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss Lulu Meek, Miss Bell, Mr. F. T. Chambers, Mr. W. Preston, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Guiseppe Dinelli, all of whom sang excellently. I was particularly impressed with the prettiness and sympathetic character of Miss Meek's voice, which I then heard for the first time.

A Different Warning Needed

Lariat Lute (to hotel boy)—Wa-al, kid; what are ye waitin' for? D' ye 'spose I'm goin' to blow out the gas!

Front—No, sir; you don't look just like that kind o' country. But—but, excuse me—please don't shoot it out! It escapes just the same!

The Result.

"Hello, Bill, where have you been this summer?"

"Been working on a farm."

"Didn't you go over to the races at New London?"

"Ya-as—that's why I've been working."—*Yale Record.*

Faint Heart.

"Blusher is the most bashful man I ever knew."

"Well, how on earth did he ever come to get married?"

"He was too bashful to refuse."

Broken Vows.

Mr. Opentop—I can't eat this pie of yours, Maria. It would be suicide.

Mrs. Opentop (tearfully)—And, yet, before we were married you said you would die for me!

MEDICAL.

DR PALMER
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DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homeopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Unglas Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

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210 Huron Street, first door north College
Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 3 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and till 9 p.m. Telephone 1665.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

A Frank Statement.

"Have you ever read The Last of the Mohicans, Mrs. Boodleroxe?" asked the young man who had been making himself agreeable.

"No," she replied in a tone of affable confidence; "I must confess that I haven't read any of them."

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst St.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

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Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

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DR. L. BALL
DENTIST
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Softening and Whitening the Skin
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Chaps, Roughness, Redness and Hardness and Prevents Wrinkles
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BLOGG—Oct. 21 Mrs. A. E Blogg—a daughter.
CLARK—Oct. 25, Mrs S H. Clark—a son.
DENOVAN—Nov 3 Mrs Allan Denovan—a daughter.
MACALLISTER-DONALD—Oct 31, Mrs. MacAllister-Donald—a daughter.
MACKENZIE—Oct. 30, Mrs. Geo. MacKenzie—son and daughter
PATTERSON—Oct. 29, Mrs S. Patterson—a daughter.
SAWERS—Peterboro', Mrs. C. W. Sawers—a son.
ALLAN—Oct. 29, Mrs. E. B Allan—a son.
BURDEN—Oct. 15 Mrs. C. E Burden—a daughter.
RAMSAY—Lethbridge, N. W. T., Mrs. C. W. Ramsay—a daughter.
AIKSEY—Muskoka, Mrs. R A. Aiksey—a daughter.

Marriages.

HENDERSON—HESELTINE—Oct. 28, Nathan Henderson to Esther Heseltine.
HANNING—ERB—Oct. 28, C. R. Hanning to Agnes L. Erb.
HALDERBY—TROTTER—Oct. 31, Charles Halderby to Grace Trotter.
HOBSON—WOOD—Oct. 31, Robert Hobson to Mary A. Wood.
CROWIN—KELLY—Oct 21, B J. Crowin to Kate Kelly.
DOLMER—NODWELL—Oct. 28, John Dolmer to Letitia Nodwell.
JARDINE—ALLWARD—Oct 21, J. W. Jardine to Bessie Allward.
WOLTZ—GRAHAM—Oct. 27, A. E. Woltz to Ida M. Graham.

Deaths.

BLIGHT—Nov. 2, William Blight, aged 76.
JAMIESON—Nov. 2, Mary Jamieson, aged 72.
McMURCHY—Nov. 2, Dugald J. McMurchy, aged 28.
SWEATMAN—Oct 26, Anne Sweatman, aged 84.
SILLS—Brighton, Nov 1, Mabel Burton Sills.
FLEMING—Oct. 30, Elizabeth Fleming, aged 91.
HEWETSON—Georgetown, Mary S Hewetson.
McKENZIE—Princeton, Thomas McKenzie, aged 80.
ELLIOTT—Iroquois, William Elliott aged 91.
CUTHBERT—Nov. 1, Mary A. Cuthbert, aged 85.
FENWICK—Oct. 31, Alice Fenwick, aged 23.
BARRY—Bradford, James Barry, aged 87.
KIRKWOOD—Brampton, Kenneth Kirkwood, aged 18.
WATSON—Oct. 27, James Watson, aged 53.
JARVIS—Stratford, Marion Jarvis, aged 63.
BAILY—Oct. 31, George Baily, aged 69
MACCALLUM—Nov. 1, Mary MacCallum, aged 71.
SCULLY—Nov. 2 Thomas Scully, aged 41
McLACHLAN—Oct. 7, Mrs. McLachlan, aged 74.
SHEPHERD—Oct. 24, Alice Shepherd, aged 71.
DICKS—Oct. 29, William Dicks, aged 60.
DUNN—Parkdale, Oct. 28, James Dunn.

Romano Art Pottery
From SWITZERLAND.
A Choice Selection Just to Hand
ROYAL DRESDEN
From the MEISSEN Factory.
A Few Pieces in White and Gold
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
China Fired Daily on the Premises.
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109 King Street West, Toronto

REMEMBER!
H. S. MORISON & CO.
Are going out of business, and being anxious to clear out their stock in the shortest possible time are offering prices regardless of cost or value.
216 & 218 Yonge St.

LADIES' FURS
This department contains all the leading novelties of the present season, and as Furs of all descriptions are now so popular, and surely nothing could be more conducive to the comfort of ladies, we have laid ourselves out to meet all the requirements of the same.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING — Baltic Seal Storm Collar and Muff, $6.50. $7.50 and $9.50 the set.
Blue Oposum Collar and Muff $7.50 the set.
Moscow Beaver Collar and Muff, $9.50 the set.
Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50. $15 and $22 the set.
CAPES WITH STORM COLLARS
Oposum, $15; Astrachan, $9.50, $12; Sable, $18 $22 and $35; Beaver, $20, $30, $35 and $40.
Muffs and Storm Collars in all the leading Furs from $1.25 up. We are selling a S. S. Seal Satchel Muff for $4 75.
R. WALKER & SONS
31, 35 & 37 King St. E.; 18, 20 & 22 Colborne St.

THE FALL TRADE
Has opened up in great form at the EMPORIUM AROUND THE CORNER, which is the address of H. A. Collins, who has now the best assorted stock of Housefurnishings, in Stoves, Ranges, Silverware, Lamp Goods, Tinware and every other description of housekeeping goods and novelties in the city, and altogether "Around the Corner" is better known than any other establishment in the same line of business.
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Our machines are doing the work
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FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

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THIS IS WORTH $1 CASH TO YOU
OUR SPECIAL OFFER
Diamonds Mounted in all Designs
WATCHES AND JEWELERY
LESS THAN ANY HOUSE IN CITY
Cut this out and we will accept it as $1 cash on any purchase of $20. Goods marked plain figures at
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THE GREAT GERMAN HEADACHE POWDER
Invaluable in "La Grippe," Rush of Blood to the Head and Nervous Headache. Contains no opiates nor antipyrine. $1.00 per box, 30 doses.
SAMSONINE
THE WORLD RENOWNED HAIR RESTORER
Cures Diseased Scalp, Removes Dandruff. Prevents Baldness and Makes the Hair Soft and Luxuriant $1 00 per bottle. These articles are no *patent medicines*, but well tried and tested scientific remedies. Send for circulars PREPARED SOLELY BY
Ask your Druggist or send to— BERLIN CHEMICAL CO., Berlin, Ont.

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FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, ETC.
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All Kinds of Ladies' Fur Trimmings Cut to Order on Short Notice
A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's, Tress & Co.'s and Christie & Co.'s celebrated London Hats just arrived.

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THE VERY BEST ROGERS COAL. HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST. WEST TORONTO
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Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
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